

# THE CRITIC

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## NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*The Industrial History of Free Nations, considered in Relation to their Domestic Institutions and External Policy.* By W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Chapman and Hall.

THE title of this work is much too large for its contents, unless Mr. M'CULLAGH intends to assert that Greece and Holland were the only free nations the world has seen, or unless he contemplates an addition to the two volumes before us, for it is to these communities alone that his history is limited. It appears to be his design to trace the connection between freedom of political institutions and freedom of industry; to shew how they act and react each upon the other, and, in their combination, conduce to the welfare and greatness of the people who have the wisdom to adopt, and the prudence to preserve them. If his purpose be merely to illustrate a theory, he could not have adopted a more satisfactory course than to take his instances from the ancient as well as from the modern world. But it must be admitted that he is not happy in the citation of his case from the former. The states of Greece scarcely deserve the title of "Free," as applied to their institutions, and their commercial policy certainly differed mightily from our notions of the meaning of Free Trade. Look at Athens, with her corn and provision laws, a tax upon importation, and a law compelling her merchant ships to return with one-third of their lading in corn, and forcing the detention of two-thirds of all ships that touched there freighted with that commodity. And yet, in the face of such enactments, Mr. M'CULLAGH can thus speak of the trading policy of Attica:—"Freedom of labour and freedom of sale, competition for all the world and with all the world, were the guiding lights of Attic policy; and they were kept steadily in view during every vicissitude of fortune by all her truly great and honest helmsmen." True it is that the Athenian commercial code was more liberal and enlightened than any of its

age; but even the polished people and philosophers of Greece had not attained to a full perception of the great principles of free trade; they were neither understood in the abstract nor recognized in practice. This achievement was left for a later age, and it was not until very recently that its character as a great moral question of universal interest to the well-being of humanity, apart from its considerations of mere money gain, has been begun to be acknowledged, and that the more lofty ground has been taken by its advocates.

And what was really the character of the commerce of Athens? Will it bear any comparison with our own, not in amount only, but in the manner of its conduct? In Athens it was not the calling of its freemen but of its slaves. The pursuits of commerce were held to be unworthy of a freeman, and accordingly they were left to those who conducted the traffic for the benefit of their masters, who were not too proud to reject the profits, although they affected to despise the employment by which they were obtained. The only fact of any importance which Mr. M'CULLAGH can deduce from his survey of the commerce of Greece is, that although growing no corn herself, and wholly dependent on foreign supplies, Athens was always abundantly fed, even when at war with all the surrounding powers. This is, at least, consolatory to those who dread the consequences of a reliance upon foreign corn for the food of our teeming hive.

Still are his sketches of the industry of the various states of Greece, and of their commercial regulations, full of instruction and interest, because they are the results of laborious research, and drawn with a vigorous and glowing pencil. A narrative at once rapid and graphic opens to us more clearly than we remember to have found in any previous work, the true social condition of the land which dwells in our imaginations rather as a region of romance than as a sober reality, as a place where the people were all heroes, than as a country where there must have existed tailors, and carpenters, and drapers, and other trades very similar to our own. In how matter-of-fact a fashion Mr. M'CULLAGH proceeds with his useful task will appear by a few extracts which we have scored in the first volume. Thus of

### THE PUBLIC GAMES.

They greatly extended, if indeed they did not actually found, one of those national festivals or games, the influence of which on the manners and habits of the Greeks it is, perhaps, impossible adequately to estimate. Of these there afterwards were many originating in various circumstances, and commemora-

tive of different events. All of them partook, more or less, of the character of religious celebrations—all presented splendour and ennobling spectacles to the public sight—all tended, in a high degree, to the political fusion and naturalization of the heterogeneous tribes who were thus periodically induced to come together; and, finally, by all of them were inestimable benefits conferred on every species of inventive industry. They were festivals, but they were likewise fairs. They were termed Public Games—*panegyres*—as expressing that they were the common opportunity for worship and relaxation to all who were privileged to take part in them; and even the fury of war was suspended during the period of their celebration, and the truce which permitted enemies of yesterday to meet in safety at the Isthmus, was religiously observed. They afforded places of resort for business men—halls of *exposition* for ingenious men—theatres of trial for ambitious men.

Or this sketch of

#### THE COMMERCIAL POLICY OF SOLON.

Solon was the enemy of monopoly in every thing; in land, and therefore he removed all restrictions as to its disposal; in avocations, and therefore he enacted that every man might select whatever calling he preferred; in commerce, and his legislation consequently aimed at insuring in all important articles of consumption a free and varied supply. To this end was the fundamental principle laid down, that all men, of whatever race or clime, were free to trade at Athens; and so long as they obeyed the laws, and complied with the easy stipulations annexed to their condition as "resident aliens," they might compete with the native-born citizens of the state in every branch of trade. The enlightened policy which thus boldly sought to attract and attach foreign enterprise and skill as an inexhaustible stimulant to native industry, appears no way inconsistent with the political reserve which guarded the public offices and municipal privileges from foreign intrusion. A broad distinction lay between the rights of citizenship and those of resident alienage. The freedom of trade demanded the one, a young and self-distrustful nationality insisted upon the other. The time came when civic rights also were made accessible to foreigners by easy forms of naturalization, but at no period does the policy of encouraging the competition of foreign skill appear to have been doubted. When unimpeded by warfare or the apprehension of the pirates, who at intervals re-appeared in the Archipelago, and at the entrance to the Adriatic gulf, every kind of foreign produce found its way to Athens, and, as wealth and population arose, met a ready market there. It became notorious throughout Greece, that many articles that could hardly be obtained in any other town, were sure of being found in the bazaars of the Piræus. Of the daily wants of Athens, not a few were altogether supplied by importation. Timber for ship-building was brought from Thrace and Macedonia; the finer kinds of wood used in furniture came from Byzantium and other places. Fine wool was supplied from Phrygia, and carpets by looms of Miletus. From the coasts of the Euxine, and a variety of Mediterranean ports in Asia Minor, Africa, and Magna Græcia, supplies were furnished of salt fish, wax, certain kinds of wool and timber, undressed skins, materials for rigging, various sorts of wine, and immense quantities of iron and copper. To these might be added honey, oil, and several other things, in the better descriptions of which Attica itself excelled, but which the mass of the people could have hardly been able to afford had their markets not been free. The tendency of civilization is to turn luxuries into necessities; it is the just reproach of misplaced taxation that it turns what have become necessities into luxuries again. But this was not so among the people of Athens. "All the choicest products of Sicily and Italy, of Lydia, and the Pontus, of Cyprus and Peloponnesus; were continually attracted into the Athenian marts, whence, in return, were conveyed to those different realms the creations of Athenian labour and skill.

Mr. McCULLAGH condemns the policy of Sparta as warmly, and we think as unfairly, as he praises that of Athens. He relates some curious instances of the severity of

#### THE CENSORSHIP IN SPARTA.

How rigorously this censorship was exercised, and how wide the range of its surveillance, may be inferred from some of the

instances of contumacious innovation which were made to feel the power of its summary jurisdiction. When Terperander won the prize at the Carneian festival, he had accompanied the recitation of his popular verses by the tones of the cithara. He was consequently fined by the ephori for having produced unhallowed harmony by an increased number of strings, which he added to the instrument. The lyre of Timotheus, the Milesian, was taken from him because it had eleven strings, and hung up, as a memento of disobedience, in the *Scias*, or public hall, which an architect of Samos had been employed to build. That of Phrynus was still worse used, on account of a like temerity in its owner, from whose hand one of the ephori snatched it during the performance, and cut away the innovating chords; for Sparta was resolved that no son of hers should ever be corrupted by the enervating strains of a harmony which his father had not heard. No wonder we should find that, whenever they made any attempt in art, the Spartans "delighted more in imitation than creation;" and that "monotony and uniformity" is supposed to have been characteristic of their forgotten efforts at composition.

To his picture of the commercial policy of Holland fewer objections can be offered. The first result of her enterprise and her frugality, encouraged by free institutions and free trade, was remarkable. Emerging from the intolerable oppressions of Spain, her progress was such, the like of which the world had never witnessed.

#### EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE IN HOLLAND.

In 1601, it is stated, that in the space of three days there sailed eastward from the ports of Holland between eight and nine hundred merchant-ships, beside 1,500 busses, or herring-boats. The extraordinary account given four years afterwards by Raleigh sufficiently attests the rapid progress they were then making. According to his computation, 3,000 vessels annually visited the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland for the purpose of fishing, and the hands engaged in them could not have been fewer than 50,000. He estimates the shipping and hands employed in the re-export to other countries of the fish when cured at treble that number; and the net value of what they thus sold to their neighbours he calculates at 1,759,000*l.* a year. No wonder that De Witt, looking back over the progress of his country, should say that he felt sometimes as if the whole trade of the nation had sprung from the fisheries, and rested on their continuance. In his day they had still further increased about one-third; and he enters into some interesting calculations to shew how the industry they created set in motion a variety of other employments—ship builders and timber merchants, cordage makers and hemp buyers, and so on. He estimates the absolute cost of the fleet of herring-boats, between building, outfit, and a year's wages to the crews, at ten millions of guilders, four-fifths of which, he says, they are sometimes reimbursed by the value of the fish taken in three prosperous voyages.

Soon after, a commissioner sent from England to make inquiry, reported her herring fisheries as worth three millions sterling. He believed that the value of the Dutch fisheries at this period much exceeded all that the Spaniards yearly drew from their American possessions! Her East-India trade was still more enormous.

In six years the Company sent out forty-six vessels, of which forty-three returned in due course laden with rich cargoes; and the clear profit upon these ships, deducting all charges of the outfit and voyage, was estimated at two hundred and thirty tons of gold. By the books of the Company, it appeared that, during the next eleven years, they maintained thirty ships in the Eastern trade, manned by five thousand seamen; and that they calculated the net return from these at not less than three hundred tons of gold, beside the profits derivable from the land and other property which they acquired as colonists in India. Two hundred per cent. was divided by the proprietors of Company's stock on their paid-up capital in sixteen years. These splendid results do not rest upon vague conjecture, but are distinctly set forth "by one of the partners, who had himself received his part of the gain that had accrued from the undertaking." The gains of subsequent years amounted to still vaster sums; and the belief began to arise in Holland, on which Venice had long delusively rested,

that once the ascendancy of trade had been established, it was her destiny to hold "the gorgeous East in fee."

Hand-in-hand with a liberal commercial policy went a humane criminal code.

The humane spirit of popular amelioration is naturally allied with that of administrative economy. Many of the old criminal laws were harsh and indiscriminating; but the people were grown wiser than their laws, and now the ancient rigour was no longer sanctioned by opinion. A system of criminal justice and prison discipline, founded on the principle that it is better to reclaim the fallen than to secure victims for the indulgence of public curiosity or vengeance, was gradually adopted. At a time when the prisons of England and France were not only the promiscuous receptacles of crime and innocence, but the riotous schools where every vice was taught upon the efficient system of mutual instruction, and when death was the ordinary punishment of offences of all descriptions against either property or the person, the prisons of Holland are described as conducted with so much benevolent order and care, that they presented "rather the appearance of schools for instructing people in work than gaols. That this leniency had not the effect of encouraging crime may be inferred from the fact that, on the inspection of the prison at Amsterdam in 1747, it was found that there were only forty-one persons in the *rasphuys* (or male wards), most of whom were foreigners; and the number of executions throughout the United Provinces average from four to six annually."

But this was not accomplished without corresponding changes in the then prevalent distribution of power. The feudal aristocracy were compelled to admit the free merchants to a share in the government, and the active intellects of the latter speedily obtained the mastery over the less cultivated and less vigorous minds of the former.

On the other hand, it appears from the outset to have been recognised as a fixed principle of the constitutional government of Holland, that the great interests of commerce could only be adequately represented by commercial men. Merchants were not merely eligible to every trust and station, but there was hardly any which many of them were not always and on system called upon to fill. Among the leading causes to which the great prosperity of the Dutch was ascribed by Sir Josiah Child, a shrewd, discerning man, and of singularly enlightened views on economic matters for his time, the first enumerated is, "that in their greatest councils of state and war, they have trading merchants who have not only the theoretical knowledge, but the practical experience of trade." It may be readily conceived also, that there were other advantages from this infusion of the mercantile element into the government. The authority of the federal legislature and executive rested mainly on opinion. In antagonism with any considerable number of the provincial states, it is difficult to see how it could have been preserved. Even against any single dissident, its powers, as originally constituted, were extremely limited. So likewise with regard to its social constitution. In the absence of either a powerful monarchical or ecclesiastical element, the predominance of the landed aristocracy must have become entire and unrestrained, but for the counterpoise of commercial wealth, intelligence, and recognised rank. And without imputing one base or disparaging motive to the former, we may justly believe that a monopoly of political power in their hands must to such a country as Holland speedily have proved fatal.

And if such were the effects of a free trade, combined with free institutions, it may not be uninteresting to glance at the consequences of the opposite policy, and Mr. McCULLAGH has drawn a brief but striking contrast, with which we close a valuable work, which every book-club should order.

It may possibly be asked, however, where are the early laws encouraging trade?—They are to be found along with the bandages of healthy children—nowhere. *Interference*, almost every where, was an *after-thought*, a juggle of cupidity in high places, or the rash vanity of ignorance playing the patron. No records of prices legislatively fixed—of

limitations on particular callings—of differential customs—of navigation laws! Alas! for the antiquarians in political error, none or next to none! On all these wordy questions, the simple chronicles of mediæval industry are nearly silent; and, truly, "there is a silence that is better than any speech." Curious illustrations might be adduced of this. At Venice, where much of a kindred spirit prevailed, a code was, in 1242, directed to be compiled by authority of the government, which is still preserved. Its pages are occupied with provisions regarding the transmission of property, the conduct of civil suits, and the punishment of crime; but although compiled for the greatest trading community then in existence, it "contains no other regulation relating to commerce, than some directions respecting freights, averages, seamen's wages," &c. A single example of the opposite policy must suffice. Notwithstanding the active competition of Pisa, Genoa, and Marseilles, the people of Barcelona had created a vast and various trade, by admitting the products of all nations on equal terms and under every flag. When at the zenith of prosperity, the King of Aragon took their commercial interests under his sagacious patronage, and in 1227 issued an edict (possibly not an unpopular one at the time), prohibiting all foreign vessels from loading for Ceuta, Alexandria, or other important ports, if a Catalan ship was able and willing to take the cargo. This, which is probably the earliest navigation act on record, produced, in due time, its full fruit of evil. The commerce of Barcelona imperceptibly fell away; and when the period of hostile rivalry between protective Spain and the free-trading provinces arrived, the issue of the contest was, in no small degree, decided by the unexpected naval superiority of the latter.

#### SCIENCE.

*Elements of Meteorology; being the Third Edition, revised and enlarged, of Meteorological Essays.* By the late JOHN FREDERICK DANIELL, D.C.L. Oxon, Professor of Chemistry in King's College. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Parker.

METEOROLOGY is yet the most backward of the sciences. It is even asserted by many who have qualified themselves to form a judgment, by patient study, of the most accredited theories and careful observation of the facts as seen in nature, that it is a subject upon which it will be impossible to attain to certainty. But that word *impossible* can scarcely be admitted in scientific researches, after the many triumphs over apparent impossibilities which our age has witnessed. It is presumptuous to say of any laws of nature that they never can be revealed to the patient researches of man, to whose uses all the powers of nature seem to be subservient. The seasons and the weather are the results of certain natural laws, as determinate as those that have been ascertained in other sciences. It is true that hitherto they have baffled the sagacity of the profoundest investigators; but if the example of Professor DANIELL be followed, and successive philosophers will collect and classify facts, and trace their mutual relationship, amusing themselves as little as possible with mere hypothesis, the world need not despair of seeing the laws that rule the clouds, the wind, and the rain, distinctly enunciated, and the proverbial fickleness of the weather reduced to a calculation that may guide the farmer in his labours, and teach him when to sow and when to reap in safety.

Professor DANIELL has in these volumes laid the foundation for such a science; but it is a foundation only. Unfortunately he was summoned from the world he was so busily engaged in serving, ere he could accomplish little beyond laying the first stone of an edifice, of whose beauty and completeness he gives us passing glimpses, distant and dim as the shapes the fancy traces in the clouds that are the objects of his speculations. His essay "On the Constitution of the Atmosphere" is an extraordinary specimen of the manner in which scientific investigation should be pursued. Every step is taken only after careful investigation of the ground,



which, once occupied, is never again abandoned. Here has the Professor, indeed, employed hypothesis; but he has used it only as a test by which he has tried the results of his observations, so that he might ascertain how, if there was between the many relationship, and how much. His plan was to start with a few plain and established principles, and by accurately observing their mutual influences, to ascend securely to more complicated relations. He assumed, for instance, that the air is a homogenous fluid, whose elements are ascertained, and through which is diffused a vast mass of water, in the form of vapour. Upon this mass, heat and gravity, electricity and magnetism, are ever acting and counter-acting. To understand more clearly the complex phenomena thus produced, he has divided the inquiry into four sections. In the first, he considers the habitudes of an atmosphere of perfectly dry, permanently elastic fluid, under certain conditions; in the second, those of an atmosphere of a pure aqueous vapour; in the third, the compound relations of a mixture of the two; and in the fourth, he endeavours to apply such principles as may be legitimately deduced from these investigations to some of the observed phenomena of the atmosphere of the earth.

A work so designed, in hands so diligent, guided by a head so competent, cannot fail to be other than a valuable contribution to science. With Professor DANIELL it was a labour of love, pursued with unwearied perseverance, until a premature death deprived the world of one of its most promising men; but not before he had identified his name for ever with the science of meteorology, of which, indeed, he almost deserves the honour of being the founder, and erected a monument to himself in the two volumes before us, which will prove more stable than brass, and more honourable than marble. No scientific library, no literary institution, will be complete without it.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

##### *Pedestrian and other Reminiscences at Home and Abroad.*

By SYLVANUS. London, 1846. Longman and Co. SYLVANUS is one of those restless spirits who cannot stay at home. Move he must—not so much for the sake of seeing, as for the excitement of going to see. This do we gather from the loose rambling character of these reminiscences. He has seen a multitude of things, and carried away vivid impressions of their external aspects, which he conveys with ease and spirit to his readers; but he does not look an inch below the surface; he has no insight into the great heart of humanity—into the meaning of forms, and the soul of shapes. We are half inclined to suspect, from the miscellaneous assemblage of topics, from the glances at home and abroad—now peeping into Normandy, now at La Vendee—now wandering into English byeways, now visiting the race-course and carrying off the histories of blacklegs, and gamblers, and jockeys—that these sketches were originally written for some periodical. They are just such bold, dashing, flashy performances as one would look for in the *Sporting Magazine*. They were scarcely worth the cost of printing in a separate form; and we cannot recommend any reader to waste money or time upon them. We take three extracts only. This is his opinion of the Seine:—

The Seine is a magnificent river; yet you may imagine the danger of its navigation when I tell you that the insurance from Havre to Rouen exceeds that between the former port and New York. All this is owing to the shifting banks, that might be very materially removed if money was laid out in the undertaking. I am also told by men who are well aware of its feasibility, that if the Seine was in England, a vessel of two hundred tons would very shortly be brought to Paris, or as

soon as British capital could be got to bear on it: and as for Havre, it would be compelled to play "second fiddle" to Rouen, from the latter place being so much nearer the capital and interior, with plenty of water for ships of five hundred or a thousand tons, if government would only make it a channel.

He was much struck by the contrast between the amusements of the people in France and England.

Nothing illustrates a nation's peculiarities so effectually as a correct insight into the way in which they severally amuse themselves. All men make an invoice out pretty much alike, and the common enemy regulates office-hours; but when a man, or twenty, have each a day, or an hour or two, with means for the occasion at their disposal without dictation, the natural bias of the mind is shown in the freedom thus allowed it for action. I have watched for anything like a rural, manly, rough, invigorating game or field-sport here, in vain; nor have I found anything like a reading-room, or institute for the mechanic or his class, in the various towns in which I have resided in France. I see groups of hundreds sipping black coffee—and, by the way, brandy too, in anything but petits verres—playing a monotonous, stupid hand at dominoes, or piquette, with cards made for dolls, one would imagine, from their diminutive size. I hear an immense chatter on all occasions: there are three fellows now under my window, called labourers, whose tongues rattle on every subject a great deal faster than their spades. I have watched these fellows narrowly for several days, and would not give half-a-crown a day for the three: they lean on their pickaxes and shovels every third minute to have a "jaw," shaking their hands in their paroxysms of eloquence as if it was a quarrel, instead of the usual yearning to talk instead of work. I see a vast flourishing of hats, loathsome salutations amongst the men, and hear a great scraping of fiddles in the various salles for dancing: but no other-hunt, cricket match, or any out-door amusement whatever.

This is a graphic picture of Havre:—

I take leave of Normandy with considerable regret. It is, without exception, the best specimen of the French continent; being healthy in the extreme, exceedingly picturesque, and well cultivated, with a population who, in point of cleanliness, straightforward bearing, and quiet well-behaved manners, are superior to any other part of France that I have visited. I have scarcely met with an instance of the diminutive, waspish, vain, and quarrelsome Gaul you are so overrun with in Paris and some other places. Havre is completely free from the presence of this terrible personage, and is certainly the very prettiest, most lively, yet at the same time tranquil seaport town I ever was in, and one that gains upon your affections the better you become acquainted with it. Its *tout ensemble*, standing, for instance, in the "Place Louis Seize," is exceedingly pleasing. Before you, you have a splendid dock, or *bassin du commerce*, filled with fine square-rigged vessels: on your left, the finely-wooded heights of Ingouville, with the pavilions of the merchants built with white brick, with their green jalousies and pretty gardens, some most tastefully arranged in every respect: on your right is the long, quaint, always gay, "Rue de Paris," concluded by the harbour; and far away the sweet glittering Seine and ocean. I make no hesitation in saying, we have no such port in our country, combining the clean, picturesque, gay, yet quiet *coup d'œil* that Havre possesses. The docks are numerous, but very deficient in accommodation for the increasing trade; and justice compels me to say that the main points of attraction are as nearly as possible to be dated to the natural advantages of the place, for there are very few five-franc pieces laid out upon improvements in any shape.

#### FICTION.

##### *Danish Fairy Legends and Tales.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. London, 1846. Pickering.

SOME time since these Tales were noticed amid the foreign literature of THE CRITIC. That notice attracted to them considerable attention, and translations were immediately commenced in various quarters. The first



that has made its appearance is now before us, exquisitely printed at the Aldine Press, and tastefully bound, so as to form a birth-day gift or school prize, as attractive in external appearance as it will prove in its contents, which are precisely such as youth most loves to read, appealing at once to the imagination and the heart,—conveying the morality of poetry, and the poetry of morality. ANDERSEN has succeeded beyond all modern writers in catching the spirit as well as the manner of the legendary lore of his country. It may be that he has only remodelled fables already current among the peasantry of Denmark; but even if he be not the inventor, he is entitled to much applause for the skill with which he has put them into presentable shape, without divesting them of the simplicity of language and the air of child-like faith in their literal truth, which are essential to the story-teller, and in which, in fact, lies the difference between the real and the false legend, making the latter, however cleverly constructed, dull and uninteresting when compared with the former. ANDERSEN writes as if he thoroughly believed that there was a time when beasts and birds talked like Christian men; when fairies danced, and mermaids sung. In this lies the charm of his *Legends and Tales*; and for this, and because they invariably carry a wholesome moral without thrusting it offensively forward, teaching it rather by the example than by precept, do we heartily recommend this volume to young persons, and to the regards of all who are looking for an acceptable present for their young friends.

The translator, who, we understand, is a lady, has performed her task with a hearty appreciation of the characteristics of the Author, which she has carefully preserved, by rendering the simple language of the original into a pure and simple English, so well fitted to convey legends and tales such as these, and always so charming, because so intelligible, to children. As specimens both of author and translator, and as in themselves worthy of perusal, we extract some of these legends.

What poetry there is in

#### THE DAISY!

Listen to my story! In the country, close by the roadside, there stands a summer-house—you must certainly have seen it. In front is a little garden full of flowers, enclosed by white palings with green knobs; and on a bank outside the palings there grew, amidst the freshest of grass, a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon the daisy as upon the splendid large flowers within the garden, and therefore it grew hourly, so that one morning it stood fully open with its delicate white gleaming leaves, which like rays surrounded the little yellow sun in their centre. It never occurred to the little flower that no one saw her, hidden as she was among the grass; she was quite contented; she turned towards the warm sun, looked at it, and listened to the lark who was singing in the air. The daisy was as happy as if it were the day of some high festival, and yet it was only Monday. The children were at school; and whilst they sat upon their forms, and learned their lessons, the little flower upon her green stalk learned from the warm sun, and every thing around her, how good God is. Meanwhile the little lark expressed clearly and beautifully all she felt in silence; and the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird who could fly and sing; it did not distress her that she could not do the same. "I can see and listen," thought she; "the sun shines on me, and the wind kisses me. Oh! how richly am I blessed." There stood within the palings several grand, stiff-looking flowers; the less fragrance they had, the more airs they gave themselves. The peonies puffed themselves out in order to make themselves larger than the roses. The tulips had the gayest colours of all; they were perfectly aware of it, and held themselves as straight as a candle that they might be the better seen. They took no notice at all of the little flower outside the palings; but she looked all the more upon them, thinking, "how rich and beautiful they are! Yes, that noble bird will surely fly down and visit them. How happy am I, who live so near them and see their beauty!" Just at that moment,

"quirit," the lark did fly down, but he came not to the peonies nor the tulips; no, he flew down to the poor little daisy in the grass, who was almost frightened from pure joy, and knew not what to think, she was so surprised. The little bird hopped about, and sang, "Oh, how soft is this grass! and what a sweet little flower blooms here, with its golden heart and silver garment!" for the yellow centre of the daisy looked just like gold, and the little petals around gleamed silver white. How happy the little daisy was! no one can imagine how happy. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up again into the blue sky. It was a full quarter of an hour ere the flower recovered herself. Half ashamed, and yet completely happy, she looked at the flowers in the garden; they must certainly be aware of the honour and happiness that had been conferred upon her—they must know how delighted she was. But the tulips held themselves twice as stiff as before, and their faces grew quite red with anger. As to the peonies, they were so thick-headed—it was indeed well that they could not speak, or the little daisy would have heard something not very pleasant. The poor little flower could see well that they were in an ill-humour, and she was much vexed at it. Soon after, a girl came into the garden with a knife, sharp and bright; she went up to the tulips and cut off one after another. "Oh! that is horrible," sighed the daisy; "it is now all over with them." The girl then went away with the tulips. How glad was the daisy that she grew in the grass outside the palings, and was a despised little flower! She felt really thankful; and when the sun set, she folded her leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed all night of the sun and the beautiful bird. The next morning, when our little flower, fresh and cheerful again, spread out all her white leaves in the sunshine and clear blue air, she heard the voice of the bird, but he sung so mournfully. Alas! the poor lark had good reason for sorrow; he had been caught, and put into a cage close by the open window. He sang of the joys of a free and unrestrained flight—he sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the pleasure of being borne up by his wings in the open air. The poor bird was certainly very unhappy—he sat a prisoner in his narrow cage! The little daisy would so willingly have helped him, but how could she? Ah, that she knew not, she quite forgot how beautiful all around her was, how warmly the sun shone, how pretty and white her leaves were. Alas! she could only think of the imprisoned bird, for whom it was not in her power to do anything. All at once, two little boys came out of the garden; one of them had a knife in his hand, as large and as sharp as that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They went straight up to the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted. "Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys; and he began to cut deep all round the daisy, leaving her in the centre. "Tear out the flower," said the other boy; and the little daisy trembled all over for fear, for she knew that if she were torn out she would die, and she wished so much to live, as she was to be put into the cage with the imprisoned lark. "No, leave it alone!" said the first, "it looks so pretty;" and so it was left alone, and was put into the lark's cage. But the poor bird loudly lamented the loss of its freedom, and beat its wings against the iron bars of its cage; and the little flower could not speak, could not say a single word of comfort to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole morning. "There is no water here," said the imprisoned lark; "they have all gone out and forgotten me; not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! there is fire and ice within me, and the air is so heavy! Alas! I must die, I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green trees, and all the beautiful things which God has created!" And then he pierced his beak into the cool grass, in order to refresh himself a little, and his eye fell upon the daisy, and the bird bowed to her, and said, "Thou too wilt wither here, thou poor little flower! They have given me thee, and the piece of green around thee, instead of the whole world which I possessed before! Every little blade of grass is to be to me a green tree—thy every white petal, a fragrant flower! Alas! thou only remindest me of what I have lost." "Oh! that I could comfort him!" thought the daisy; but she could not move, yet the fragrance which came from her delicate blossom was stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird noticed it, and although, panting with thirst, he tore the green blades in very anguish, he did not touch the flower. It was evening,

and yet no one came to bring the poor bird a drop of water; he stretched out his slender wings, and shook them convulsively—his song was a mournful “pipi”—his little head bent towards the flower, and the bird’s heart broke from thirst and desire. The flower could not now, as on the preceding evening, fold together her leaves and sleep; she bent down sad and sick to the ground. The boys did not come till the next morning; and when they saw the bird was dead, they wept bitterly. They dug a pretty grave, which they adorned with flower petals; the bird’s corpse was put into a pretty red box; royally was the poor bird buried! Whilst he yet lived and sang, they forgot him—left him suffering in his cage; and now, he was highly honoured and bitterly bewailed. But the piece of turf with the daisy in it was thrown out into the street: no one thought of her who had felt most for the little bird, and who had so much wished to comfort him.

What a moral in

#### THE BUCK-WHEAT!

If after a tempest you chance to walk through a field where buck-wheat is growing, you may observe that it is burnt as black as though a flame of fire had passed over it; and should you ask the reason, the peasant will tell you, “That the lightning has done it.” But how is it that the lightning has done it? I will tell you what the sparrow told me; and the sparrow heard the story from an old willow-tree, which grew, and still grows, close to a field of buck-wheat. This willow-tree is tall and highly respectable, but at the same time, old and wrinkled; its trunk had been riven asunder from top to bottom; grass and brambles grow out of the gap; the tree bends forward, and the branches hang down almost to the ground, looking like long green hair. There were different kinds of corn growing in the fields around the willow—rye, wheat, and oats—the beautiful oats, whose ears when they are ripe look like a number of little yellow canary-birds, sitting upon one branch. The corn-ears were richly blessed; and the fuller they were, the lower they bowed their heads in pious humility. But there was also a field of buck-wheat, lying just in front of the old willow-tree; the buck-wheat bowed not like the rest of the corn—he stood stiff and proud. “I am quite as rich as the wheat,” said he; “and besides, I am so much more handsome; my flowers are as beautiful as the blossoms of the apple-tree; it is delightful to look at me and my companions. Do you know anything more beautiful than we are, you old willow-tree?” And the willow-tree bent his head, as much as to say, “Yes, indeed, I do!” But the buck-wheat was puffed up with pride, and said, “The stupid tree! he is so old that grass is growing out of his body.” Now came a dreadful storm; all the flowers of the field folded their leaves, or bent their heads, whilst it passed over them; the buck-wheat, however, in his pride, still stood erect. “Bow thy head as we do!” said the flowers. “I have no need,” said the buck-wheat. “Bow thy head as we do,” said the corn. “The angel of storms comes flying hitherward; he has wings which reach from the clouds to the earth; he will strike thee down, before thou hast time to entreat for mercy!” “No, I will not bow!” said the buck-wheat. “Close thy flowers, and fold thy leaves,” said the old willow-tree; look not into the flash, when the cloud breaks. Even men dare not do that; for in the flash one looks into God’s heaven, and that sight can dazzle even human eyes; what then would it prove to mere vegetables like us, if we should dare to do so? we, who are so inferior to men.” “So inferior, indeed!” said the buck-wheat. “Now then, I will look right into God’s heaven.” And in his pride and haughtiness, he did gaze upon the lightning without shrinking. Such was the flash, that it seemed as if the whole world was in flames. When the tempest was over, flowers and corn, greatly refreshed by the rain, once more breathed pure air; but the buck-wheat had been burnt as black as a coal by the lightning; it stood on the field, a dead, useless plant. And the old willow-tree waved its branches to and fro, in the wind; and large drops of water fell from the green leaves, as though the tree wept. And the sparrows asked, “Why weepest thou? it is so beautiful here! See how the sun shines; how the clouds pass over the clear sky; how sweet is the fragrance of the flowers! Why then weepest thou, old willow-tree?” And the willow-tree told of the buck-wheat’s pride and haughtiness; and of the punishment which followed. I, who relate this story heard it from

the sparrows—they told it to me one evening, when I asked them for a tale.

#### What sly satire in

##### THE EMPEROR’S NEW CLOTHES!

Many years ago, there was an Emperor, who was so excessively fond of new clothes that he spent all his money in dress. He did not trouble himself in the least about his soldiers; nor did he care to go either to the theatre or the chase, except for the opportunities then afforded him for displaying his new clothes. He had a different suit for each hour of the day; and as of any other king or emperor, one is accustomed to say, “He is sitting in council,” it was always said of him, “The Emperor is sitting in his wardrobe.” Time passed away merrily in the large town which was his capital; strangers arrived every day at the court. One day, two rogues, calling themselves weavers, made their appearance. They gave out that they knew how to weave stuffs of the most beautiful colours and elaborate patterns, the clothes manufactured from which should have the wonderful property of remaining invisible to every one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extraordinarily simple in character. “These must indeed be splendid clothes!” thought the Emperor. “Had I such a suit, I might, at once, find out what men in my realms are unfit for their office, and also be able to distinguish the wise from the foolish! This stuff must be woven for me immediately.” And he caused large sums to be given to both the weavers, in order that they might begin their work directly. So the two pretended weavers set up two looms, and affected to work very busily, though in reality they did nothing at all. They asked for the most delicate silk and the purest gold thread; put both into their own knapsacks; and then continued their pretended work at the empty looms until late at night. “I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my cloth,” said the Emperor to himself, after some little time had elapsed; he was, however, rather embarrassed, when he remembered that a simpleton, or one unfit for his office, would be unable to see the manufacture. “To be sure,” he thought, “he had nothing to risk in his own person; but yet, he would prefer sending somebody else, to bring him intelligence about the weavers, and their work, before he troubled himself in the affair.” All the people throughout the city had heard of the wonderful property the cloth was to possess; and all were anxious to learn how wise, or how ignorant, their neighbours might prove to be. “I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers,” said the Emperor at last, after some deliberation, “he will be best able to see how the cloth looks; for he is a man of sense, and no one can be more suitable for his office than he is.” So the faithful old minister went into the hall, where the knaves were working with all their might, at their empty looms. “What can be the meaning of this?” thought the old man, opening his eyes very wide. “I cannot discover the least bit of thread on the looms!” however, he did not express his thoughts aloud. The impostors requested him very courteously to be so good as to come nearer their looms; and then asked him whether the design pleased him, and whether the colours were not very beautiful; at the same time pointing to the empty frames. The poor old minister looked and looked, he could not discover any thing on the looms, for a very good reason, viz. there was nothing there. “What!” thought he again, “is it possible that I am a simpleton? I have never thought so myself; and no one must know it now if I am so. Can it be that I am unfit for my office? No, that must not be said either. I will never confess that I could not see the stuff.” “Well, Sir Minister!” said one of the knaves, still pretending to work, “you do not say whether the stuff pleases you.” “Oh, it is excellent!” replied the old minister, looking at the loom through his spectacles. “This pattern, and the colours—yes, I will tell the Emperor without delay, how very beautiful I think them.” “We shall be much obliged to you,” said the impostors, and then they named the different colours, and described the pattern of the pretended stuff. The old minister listened attentively to their words, in order that he might repeat them to the Emperor; and then the knaves asked for more silk and gold, saying that was necessary to complete what they had begun. However, they put all that was given them into their knapsacks; and continued to work with as much apparent diligence as before at their empty looms. The Emperor now sent an-

other officer of his court to see how the men were getting on, and to ascertain whether the cloth would soon be ready. It was just the same with this gentleman as with the minister; he surveyed the looms on all sides, but could see nothing at all but the empty frames. "Does not the stuff appear as beautiful to you, as it did to my lord the minister?" asked the impostors of the Emperor's second ambassador; at the same time making the same gestures as before, and talking of the design and colours which were not there. "I certainly am not stupid!" thought the messenger. "It must be that I am not fit for my good, profitable office! That is very odd; however, no one shall know any thing about it." And accordingly he praised the stuff he could not see, and declared that he was delighted with both colours and patterns. "Indeed, please your Imperial Majesty," said he to his sovereign, when he returned, "the cloth which the weavers are preparing is extraordinarily magnificent." The whole city was talking of the splendid cloth, which the Emperor had ordered to be woven at his own expense. And now the Emperor himself wished to see the costly manufacture, whilst it was still on the loom. Accompanied by a select number of officers of the court, among whom were the two honest men who had already admired the cloth, he went to the crafty impostors, who, as soon as they were aware of the Emperor's approach, went on working more diligently than ever; although they still did not pass a single thread through the looms. "Is not the work absolutely magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, already mentioned. "If your Majesty will only be pleased to look at it! what a splendid design! what glorious colours!" and at the same time they pointed to the empty frames; for they imagined that every one else could see this exquisite piece of workmanship. "How is this?" said the Emperor to himself, "I can see nothing! this is indeed a terrible affair! Am I a simpleton, or am I unfit to be an Emperor? that would be the worst thing that could happen—Oh! the cloth is charming," said he, aloud. "It has my complete approbation." And he smiled most graciously, and looked closely at the empty looms; for on no account would he say that he could not see what two of the officers of his court had praised so much. All his retinue now strained their eyes, hoping to discover something on the looms, but they could see no more than the others; nevertheless, they all exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" and advised his Majesty to have some new clothes made from this splendid material, for the approaching procession. "Magnificent! charming! excellent!" resounded on all sides; and every one was uncommonly gay. The Emperor shared in the general satisfaction; and presented the impostors with the riband of an order of knighthood, to be worn in their button-holes, and the title of "Gentlemen Weavers." The rogues sat up the whole of the night before the day on which the procession was to take place, and had sixteen lights burning, so that every one might see how anxious they were to finish the Emperor's new suit. They pretended to roll the cloth off the looms; cut the air with their scissors; and sewed with needles without any thread in them. "See!" cried they at last, "the Emperor's new clothes are ready!" And now the Emperor, with all the grandees of his court, came to the weavers; and the rogues raised their arms, as if in the act of holding something up, saying, "Here are your Majesty's trowsers! here is the scarf! here is the mantle! The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; one might fancy one has nothing at all on, when dressed in it; that, however, is the great virtue of this delicate cloth." "Yes, indeed!" said all the courtiers, although not one of them could see any thing of this exquisite manufacture. "If your Imperial Majesty will be graciously pleased to take off your clothes, we will fit on the new suit, in front of the looking-glass." The Emperor was accordingly undressed, and the rogues pretended to array him in his new suit; the Emperor turning round, from side to side, before the looking-glass. "How splendid his Majesty looks in his new clothes! and how well they fit!" every one cried out. "What a design! what colours! these are indeed royal robes!" "The canopy which is to be borne over your Majesty, in the procession, is waiting," announced the chief master of the ceremonies. "I am quite ready," answered the Emperor. "Do my new clothes fit well?" asked he, turning himself round again before the looking-glass, in order that he might appear to be examining his handsome suit. The lords of the bed-chamber, who were to carry his Majesty's train, felt about on the ground,

as if they were lifting up the ends of the mantle; and pretended to be carrying something; for they would by no means betray anything like simplicity, or unfitness for their office. So now the Emperor walked under his high canopy in the midst of the procession, through the streets of his capital; and all the people standing by, and those at the windows, cried out, "Oh! how beautiful are our Emperor's new clothes! what a magnificent train there is to the mantle; and how gracefully the scarf hangs!" In short, no one would allow that he could not see these much-admired clothes; because, in doing so, he would have declared himself either a simpleton or unfit for his office. Certainly, none of the Emperor's various suits had ever made so great an impression as these invisible ones. "But the Emperor has nothing at all on!" said a little child. "Listen to the voice of innocence!" exclaimed his father; and what the child had said was whispered from one to another. "But he has nothing at all on!" at last cried out all the people. The Emperor was vexed, for he knew that the people were right; but he thought the procession must go on now! And the lords of the bed-chamber took greater pains than ever to appear holding up a train, although, in reality, there was no train to hold.

*The Chronicles of Cloverhook; with some account of the Hermit of Bellyfull.* By DOUGLAS JERROLD. London: Punch Office, 1846.

A portion of this work originally appeared in the *Illuminated Magazine*, from whose pages it has been reprinted, with additions by the author. The design of the story, if such it may be called, is to illustrate the social philosophy which Mr. JERROLD has since more largely developed in the *Shilling Magazine*, and the laughter-moving but truth-telling pages of *Punch*. *The Chronicles* have all the quaintness that so marks the writings of JERROLD, and recommends them to the universal public, combined with those hearty sympathies with humanity which even more than his humour or his philosophy have made him one of the most truly popular writers of his day. To the *Chronicles* a few short papers have been added, with the evident purpose of making up a volume, from one of which we will take some passages, pleasing for their piquancy and truth. They are from an essay entitled

ELIZABETH AND VICTORIA.

"We shall never see such times again!" "The world isn't what it used to be." "When I was a boy, things hadn't come to this pass." "The world gets wicked and wicked." Since the builders of Babel were scattered, these thoughts have been voiced in every tongue. \* \* \* We are, however, a degenerate race. In our maudlin sensibility, we have taken under our protection the very brutes of the earth—the fowls of the air—the fish of the sea. We have cast the majesty of the law around the asses of the reign of Victoria—have assured to live geese a property in their own feathers—have, with a touch of tenderness, denounced the wood-plugged claws of the lobsters of Billingsgate. We have a society whose motto, spiritually, is—

Never to link our pleasure or our pride  
With suffering of the meanest thing that lives.

Very different, indeed, was the spirit of the English people, when their good and gracious Queen Elizabeth smiled sweetly upon bull-dogs, and found national music in the growl, the roar, and the yell of a bear-garden; whereto, in all the courtesy of a nobler and more virtuous age, the sovereign led the French ambassador; that, as chroniclers tell us, Monsieur might arrive at a sort of comparative knowledge of English bravery, judging the courage of the people by the stubborn daring of their dogs. Then we had no Epsom, with its high moralities—no Ascot, with its splendour and wealth. Great, indeed, was the distance—deep the abyss—between the sovereign and the sovereign people. And in those merry, golden days of good Queen Bess, rank was something; it had its brave outside, and preached its high prerogative from externals. The nobleman declared his nobility by his cloak, doublet, and jerkin; by the plumes in his hat; by the jewels flashing in his shoes. Society, in all its gradations, was



inexorably marked by the tailor and goldsmith. But what is the tailor of the nineteenth century? What doth he for nobility? Alas! next to nothing. The gentleman is no longer the creature of the tailor's hands—the being of his shopboard. The gentleman must dress himself in ease, in affability, in the gentler and calmer courtesies of life, to make distinguishable the nobility of his nature from the homeliness, the vulgarity of the very man who, it may be, finds nobility in shoe-leather. Thus, gentility of blood, deprived by imputation of its external livery—denied the outward marks of supremacy—is thrown upon its bare self to make good its prerogative. Manner must now do the former duty of fine clothes. State, too, was, in the blessed times of Elizabeth, a most majestic matter. The queen's carriage, unlike Victoria's, was a vehicle wondrous in the eyes of men as the chariot of King Pharaoh. Now, does every poor man keep his coach—price sixpence! How does the economy of luxury vulgarize the indulgence! \* \* \* Again, in the good times of Elizabeth, humanity was blessed with a modesty, a deference—in these days of bronze, to be vainly sought for—towards the awfulness of power, the grim majesty of authority. And if, indeed, it happened that some outrageous wretch, forgetful of the purpose of nature in creating him the Queen's liegeman, and therefore her property—if, for a moment, he should cease to remember the fealty which, by the principle of the divine right of kings, should be vital to him as the blood in his veins—why, was there not provided for him, by the benignity of custom and the law, a salutary remedy? If he advanced a new opinion, had he not ears wherewith, by hangman's surgery, he might be cured of such disease? If he took a mistaken view of the rights of his fellow-subjects, might he not be taught to consider them from a higher point of elevation, and so be instructed? Booksellers, in the merry time of Elizabeth, were enabled to vindicate a higher claim to moral and physical daring than is permitted to them in these dull and drivelling days. He who published a book, questioning—though never so gently—the prerogative of her Majesty to do just as the spirit should move her, might have his right hand chopped off, and afterwards—there have been examples of such devotion—wave his bloody stump, with a loyal shout of "God save the Queen!" But these were merry days—golden days—in which the royal prerogative was more majestic, more awful, than in the nineteenth century. And wherefore? The reason is plain as the Queen's arms. \* \* \* "What!" it may be asked—"can you have the hardihood, or the ignorance, to vaunt these days above the days of Elizabeth? These days, with famine throwing the shuttle—with ignorance, wholly brutish, digging in the pit—with gold, a monster all brain, and so the very worst of monsters—dominating throughout the land, and crushing the pulses of thousands within its hard, relentless grasp? Would you not rather pay for a return of those merry, merry days, when men were whipped, imprisoned, branded, burnt, at little more than the mere will of Majesty, for mere opinion—but who had, nevertheless, bacon and bread and ale sufficient to the day?" No: we would go no step backward, but many in advance; our faith still increasing in the enlarged sympathies of men; in the reverence which man has learned and is still learning to pay towards the nature of his fellow-men; in the deep belief that whatever change may and must take place in the social fabric,—we have that spirit of wisdom and tolerance (certainly not a social creature of the golden days,) waxing strong among us,—so strong that the fabric will be altered and repaired brick by brick, and stone by stone. Meanwhile, the scaffolding is fast growing up about it.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Walter, a Drama in Five Acts: with Minor Poems.* By G. WARMINGTON, Author of "The Fall of Leinster," "The Orphan," "The Contrast," &c. THE only difficulty we feel in noticing such a book as this is, how best to express what we think of it without wounding the feelings of the author, or doing injustice to the public. The writer has, seemingly, enjoyed considerable practice at his craft, and handles a pen as he would a mechanical tool—as a thing of habit. His com-

position lacks not meaning, but its meaning is its defect, wanting original conceptions, retailing old ideas in nearly their old phraseology. He is not a dramatist, and what chance he has of ever becoming a poet we leave our readers to judge from the following lines, which are about a fair specimen of his performance. They are taken from a piece on "Fortune."

Should she, from ambition's height,  
But hurl the proud into the night

Of poverty and want,

Their friends are with their glory gone,

Those fastest swam when fortune shone,

Will first their homage scant.

Let her, in sportive frolic, raise

Some obscure wretch to splendour's blaze,

How oft his hand is shook,

And, "Dear me, Sir, how do you do?"

Said by those who, not long ago,

Would scarcely deign a look.

Do not these rhymed common-places beat all we have hitherto produced from the effusions of modern bards? Mr. WARMINGTON's judgment must have been sadly at fault, or he would not have sullied his fame by the publication of such as trash this. Even recognized poets must not take too great a license with their readers.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

ANOTHER pile of periodicals having accumulated, we proceed to notice them briefly.

*The Dublin University Magazine* for June exhibits no falling off under the new management. Indeed, nearly the same corps of contributors is evidently engaged upon it. The novelty of the number before us is a delightful article, entitled "A Day's Deer-stalking with the Markgraf of Baden," full of picturesque description. "Forest Dreams, by a Dreamer," is a poetical rhapsody about trees and all appertaining to them. Another most attractive paper is a continuation of the valuable series of translations from the German Anthology, which have so frequently interested the readers of this magazine. This is followed by a third of a very curious collection of the most mysterious facts upon record, to which the name of "Miscellanea Mystica" has been given. CARLETON's powerful fiction, "The Black Prophet," a tale of the Irish famine, is continued. Besides these, there are copious reviews of "Gilfillan's Gallery of Portraits," "Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, &c." and "Russia under the Autocrat," all of which have been already introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC.

*Dolman's Magazine* for June displays progressive improvement, and the Catholic community may be justly proud of its monthly organ. The contents offer a variety of attractions to the general as well as to the sectarian reader. "The Drunkard's Death" is a narrative of extraordinary power, forcibly recalling the vivid sketches of "The Diary of a Physician." The second article is a collection of "Facetiae of the Bench and Bar," and, as many of these will be new to our readers, we will take a selection of the best of them.

#### FORENSIC TESTS.

One day that Dunning (whose exterior graces were by no means commensurate with his personal vanity,) had been cross-examining a young woman at considerable length upon the age of a person with whom she professed herself well acquainted, he asked her, "How old now do you take me to be?" and was considerably dumbfounded by her promptly replying, to the universal laughter of a crowded court, "From your appearance, sixty; from your question, sixteen!" Of a late celebrated chief justice it is related, that of the physicians who surrounded his death-bed, he with dry humour took leave in these terms, "Gentlemen, you are discharged;" the words with which from the bench a judge is accustomed to dismiss a jury.

By the monosyllables *he, she, and it*, the above chief justice is said to have designated a batch of three gentlemen admitted the same day to the dignity of the coif; one of whom was already in sufficiently extensive practice, another was our only English Catholic serjeant, and the third still occupied that neutral position which, at the Bar, must be the lot of the most gifted men, until time and opportunity call forth their talents and energies into more public play.

The late Justice \*\*, whose profound attainments were only equalled by the urbanity and gentleness of his nature, had, by his guileless simplicity of disposition, endeared himself to all his professional brethren, amongst whom, until his elevation to the bench, he had been designated by a friendly and familiar nickname. At a banquet given in celebration of his attaining the judicial dignity, upon returning thanks to the company for drinking his health, the new judge expressed a modest hope that, "in court at least, they would thenceforth no longer call him Joey."

Upon another occasion, sitting in banco, Judge \*\* interrupted the interminably long speech of a Q. C. upon a very dry subject, with the following sly inuendo: "If you think you will put me to sleep like my three learned brethren beside me, you are mistaken."

A former clerk of Justice \*\* had committed suicide in his master's chambers. A successor to that office had applied for a short leave of absence in order to get married, and received permission to do so in these terms:—"You may go—you may take a wife—you will hang yourself, I have no doubt you will—but if you do so, do not hang yourself in my chambers."

The eminent \*\*, who, as all the world knows, was the son of the Earl of S. was walking in Lincoln's-inn-fields with a witty chief commissioner; "I must step into Green's hotel and get a sandwich," he observed; "Right, right," rejoined his companion, "one good turn deserves another."

Of an able lawyer who had been spoken of as deeming himself qualified for the solicitor-generalship, but who in speech was in the habit of dispensing with the pronunciation of the letter H, \*\* remarked that "he wished Z. would aspire more and aspire less."

\*\*, to whose other qualifications the graces of personal appearance are no trifling addition, had the misfortune to be thrown out of one of Hansom's safety cabs, and to receive injuries about the face to the great temporary detriment of its comeliness. A learned and facetious serjeant-at-law, M.P. for an Irish city, meeting \*\* shortly after the accident, and hearing the cause of it, observed, "Well, it cannot be said in your case that handsome is that Hansom does."

In the course of a well-known cause, arising out of the dissatisfaction of certain authorities with the management of their accounts by their chief officer, the late highest civic functionary, a learned and literary serjeant, counsel for the plaintiffs, applied with happy readiness, to the disposition of his clients in regard of their churchwarden, the following passage from Shakespeare, "Michael, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine."

An essay on "the Dramatic Genius of Mr. Serjeant TALFOURD" follows. It is from the pen of Mr. IVERS, and, upon the whole, is a fair critical estimate of the literary powers of the man, who would have been a greater lawyer had he not written, and a greater writer had he not become an advocate. In another paper is discussed the question, who is the author of the "New Timon?" Our readers are aware that it was at first attributed to Sir E. B. LYTTON, but that subsequently the authorship was formally disclaimed, not certainly by himself personally, but as from authority on his behalf. The writer of this paper, however, in spite of the disclaimer, comes to the conclusion that BULWER is the true author, and he adduces internal evidence that appears almost decisive. Other papers of lesser interest, and a collection of intelligence relating to the affairs of the Roman Catholics, complete the number.

The *People's Journal*, for June, is of a higher class, both as regards its writing and its illustrations, than most of its "cheap press" contemporaries. It boasts among its contributors WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT, EBENEZER ELLIOT, Miss MARTINEAU, BARRY CORNWALL, and

other names of note. It is an amusing and instructive miscellany.

*Simmond's Colonial Magazine*, for June, contains its usual variety of information relative to every part of our huge colonial empire, together with original essays and fictions, of which latter an extremely interesting tale, entitled "the Emigrant," presents a vivid picture of life in Australia. "Rides, Rambles, and Sketches in Texas," will possess a peculiar interest at this moment, when that district is about to become the seat of war.

*Hood's Magazine*, for June, is continued under the auspices of a new editor. Its most attractive articles have been the continuation of Mr. ROWCROFT's "Tales of the Colonies." This number is not very brilliant in other respects. It opens with a poor tragedy, entitled "Inez de Castro," which ought not to have been admitted into a magazine of such standing as this. An historical romance, with the taking title of "Nell Gwynne," is continued, and appears to be written with ability. Other papers, various in their subjects, and still more various in their merits, appeal to the tastes of a large circle of readers. Certainly this magazine is capable of much improvement.

*Mores Catholici*, Parts XVIII. and XIX. contain the same wonderful mass of extracts from the fathers, and books rarely opened, as we have already noticed. It is valuable for this, if for nothing else. But the original matter is singularly eloquent. The author must be one of the most learned men of his age. It is a second "Anatomy of Melancholy."

*The Pictorial Shakspeare*, Part VIII. and *The Pictorial Balladist*, Part VIII. are extraordinary contributions to the genius of cheapness. The former contains three plays, neatly printed, and illustrated by many engravings, for ninepence; and the latter, for the same price, presents a collection of the most famous ballads to be found in our own language, with translations of those of Germany and France, illustrated by artists of eminence.

*The Local Historian's Table-Book*, Part LXV. contains the local chronology of Northumberland and Durham, with a collection of their antiquities, ballads, traditions, &c. The plan of this periodical might advantageously be adopted in other counties.

*The Topic*, No. IX.—The design of this periodical is perfectly original. It is to present a single article weekly on the subject then of most immediate public interest. Hitherto they have been written with ability, and the present number treats of "The Jesuits" with great knowledge, with commendable fairness, and with the power of a mind accustomed to profound reflection, and not willing to take its opinions upon trust.

*The Westminster Review* for June preserves its practical character, addressing itself mainly to subjects of immediate moment to the community rather than to abstract politics, as was its vocation formerly. Of this class is the longest, most interesting, and most useful article in the number, on "Railways and Metropolitan Improvements," which is profusely illustrated with maps and plans:—"Electricity and Galvanism" is a review of the recent mighty strides made by these sciences under the researches of FARADAY and REICHENBACH. "The Tendency of Puseyism" is a review, in a large and philosophical spirit, of the true character of that movement. "The Legislation of 1845" is a strange article for a review. It is, in fact, an abstract of the principal statutes of the last session. "The Oregon Notice" is handled with masterly skill, and the whole subject is examined, with intent to devise rational terms for settlement of the dispute. "Fairy Mythology," Miss MARTINEAU's "Forest and Game-Law Tales," and Mr. KITTO's "Lost Senses," are the other books reviewed in quarterly fashion, to which short critical notices of works of lesser importance are added.

*The Family Herald*.—Vol. 3 and the part for May have

come to hand. This is one of the productions of the cheap press, and upon the whole it is very creditable to the conductors, considering the price. As usual, the extracted matter is much better than the original contributions; indeed, it would be an improvement were the latter to be omitted altogether. The selections are made with taste, and great care is evidently employed to exclude whatever might be objectionable.

*The Connoisseur* for June has a portrait of CASTILLAN, and a mass of intelligence relating to the arts and music.

*Knight's Political Dictionary*.—Part 13 extends from the word "Resignation" to "Shipe."

*Knight's Penny Magazine*.—Part V. in this, its new form, exhibits steady progress of improvement. The articles contain solid information, and are, for the most part, written by practised and skilful hands. The subjects, too, are well chosen. "Historical Scenes," for instance, is an admirable series of papers; and "The Englishwoman in Egypt," from the pen of Mrs Lane, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the people of that interesting country. This part contains also three more of the clever "Enigmas" of Mr W. M. PRAED, some of which have been already presented to the readers of THE CRITIC. Here they are:—

## ENIGMAS.

When Ralph by holy hands was tied  
For life to blooming Cis,  
Sir Thrifty too drove home his bride,  
A fashionable Miss.  
That day, my first, with jovial sound  
Proclaimed the happy tale,  
And drunk was all the country round  
With pleasure,—or with ale.

Oh, why should Hymen ever blight  
The roses Cupid wore?—  
Or why should it be ever night  
Where it was day before?—  
Or why should women have a tongue,  
Or why should it be curs'd,  
In being, like my second, long,  
And louder than my first?

"You blackguard!" cries the rural wench,  
My lady screams, "Ah, bête!"  
And Lady Thrifty scolds in French,  
And Cis in Billingsgate;  
'Till both their Lords my second try,  
To end connubial strife,—  
Sir Thrifty hath the means to die,  
And Ralph,—to beat his wife!

The Indian lover burst  
From his lone cot by night;—  
When Love hath lit my first,  
In hearts by Passion urst,  
Oh! who shall quench the light?

The Indian left the shore:  
He heard the night wind sing,  
And curs'd the tardy oar,  
And wish'd that he could soar,  
Upon my second's wing.

The blast came cold and damp,  
But, all the voyage through,  
I lent my lingering lamp  
As o'er the marshy swamp  
He paddled his canoe.

A Templar kneel'd at a friar's knee:  
He was a comely youth to see,  
With curling locks, and forehead high,  
And flushing cheek, and flashing eye;  
And the monk was a jolly and large a'man  
As ever laid lip to a convent can,  
Or called for a contribution;  
As ever read, at midnight hour,  
Confessional in lady's bower,  
Ordain'd for a peasant the penance whip,  
Or spoke for a noble's venial slip,  
A venal absolution.

"Oh, Father! in the dim twilight  
I have sinned a grievous sin to-night;  
And I feel hot pain e'en now begun  
For the fearful murder I have done.

"I rent my victim's coat of green;  
I pierced his neck with my dagger keen;  
The red stream mantled high;  
I grasp'd him, Father, all the while  
With shaking hand, and feverish smile,  
And said my jest, and sang my song,  
And laughed my laughter, loud and long,  
Until his glass was dry!

"Though he was rich, and very old,  
I did not touch a grain of gold,  
But the blood I drank from the bubbling vein  
Hath left on my lip a purple stain."

"My son! my son! for this thou hast done,  
Though the sands of thy life for aye should run,"  
The merry monk did say;

"Though thine eye be bright, and thine heart be light,  
Hot spirits shall haunt thee all the night,  
Blue devils all the day."

The thunders of the Church were ended,  
Back on his way the Templar weaded;  
But the name of him the Templar slew  
Was more than the Inquisition knew.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Old Play-goer.* By WILLIAM ROBSON. London, 1846. Masters.

THIS volume contains the impressions and opinions received and formed entirely *before the curtain*, by a play-goer, who has watched for many years the progress of the drama in England; who witnessed it in its glory, and now with sorrow has beheld its decline. The work is in the form of letters to a friend, and, eschewing anecdote or biography, the author has aimed at a sort of pen and ink portraiture of the appearance of the most famous actors and actresses upon the stage, and of the peculiarities of their acting. It was, of course, impossible to impart to such a production the interest that belongs to a narrative, or the less substantial attractions of anecdote; but to those who sigh over the drama as it is, and who desire its renovation, these reminiscences, by the comparison they afford between the present and the past, will offer a ready means of ascertaining in what particulars our inferiority lies, and thence by what reforms the ancient glories of the British drama may be restored. To the general reader these letters will be less lively than, from their title, might be anticipated. They are somewhat disquisitional, for loungers, yet not critical enough for philosophers, and if they fail it will be because they have not taken either a loftier or a lower tone. It will not illustrate the proverb "*In medio, &c.*"

Mr. ROBSON, is evidently a true lover of the stage, and we like the tone in which he talks of it. His taste is for good acting, in preference to all other attractions. It is the first and greatest qualification, without which the best play or most splendid "*mise en scène*," is worthless, and having which, even an inferior drama or the scenery of a fair-booth will be forgiven and forgotten. Mr. ROBSON is of opinion, that we have too many theatres,—that talent is limited, and that its too great diffusion has weakened each stage, and compelled managers to substitute for the genuine attractions of an intellectual performance [the sensuality of meretricious and extravagant ornament. There is obviously some truth in this, though it is not the whole truth. Our late hours of dining, the spread of reading, and the cheapness of books and periodicals, have had a vast influence in curtailing the popularity of theatres.

The reader must not expect any thing very brilliant or profound in these letters. Mr. ROBSON's characteristic is good sense. He informs us at the beginning that he did not go to the theatre to kill time, or for mere amuse-



ment. "I sought the stage," he says, "as a source of pleasure, but still an intellectual one, and even when the blood was at the warmest, and I have, as many many times I have, been attracted by the powers of a fascinating actress, to haunt it nightly, it was never mere form or face that created the charm. I may not now be ashamed to own that I owe much mental cultivation to my fervent admiration of Mrs. Jordan."

There can be no doubt about it with any person who exercises his reason upon the subject. What is a good drama, but the development of mind in its most exalted states of action or suffering? And what is the actor, but one who in his own person gives expression to the emotion, speaks to the eye as well as to the mind, and embodies the conception of the poet. To the dramatist, all will ascribe lofty mental powers, and an honourable calling. Why should less honour be due to him who catches the poet's thought, gives to it appropriate expression, and, by a wonderful art, becomes for a time the very being he represents?

Amid some twaddle in this volume, there is much that will reward perusal; and as the best proof of this we will take a few of the passages that most recommend themselves for novelty of thought or cleverness in the writing. And first for Mr. ROBSON's generous

## DEFENCE OF ACTORS.

As Tragedy is admitted to be the highest of human conceptions, so with its actor there is connected all that is most noble, most refined, most pathetic, most heart-stirring in the history of man, his passions and feelings. With the judicious comic actor we associate the brightest corruscations of that wit which we look upon as the rarest gift and highest accomplishment. We have shed the tear of pity or sympathy with the one; we have had the cares of the world dashed aside by the other, and we love them as two friends with whom we have joyed and sorrowed. The life of an actor is like that of Gil Blas; interest never seems to flag, nor incident to be wanting. The tone of mind produced by his necessary examination and study of character, accompanies him into the world; and his relish for its whimsicalities and his sympathies with its troubles exceed those of other men. A heartless actor is almost an inconceivable being; therefore, do we seldom meet with one who in the path of life walks on in a course of an even tenor; they are erratic and eccentric, but rich in feelings of fellowship and benevolence. If the parsimony attributed to Garrick was really his characteristic, he becomes scarcely more singular for his talents than for such a peculiarity in an actor. Then, again, they are favourites of nature. Understanding, cultivation, accomplishments; graces of both mind and body are requisite to a good actor; and when we welcome him into the social circle, we do so not only as he is a man who enjoys public celebrity, but as one endowed with qualities that would command attention and admiration were he of the most secluded profession.

This is a well drawn sketch of

## CHARLES KEMBLE.

I never saw an actor with more buoyancy of spirits than Charles Kemble; Lewis had wonderful vivacity, airiness, and sparkle, but he was *finnicking* compared with Charles. Who ever played a drunken gentleman as he did? His efforts to pick up his dress hat, in Charles Oakley, were the most laughable, the most ridiculous, the most natural that can be imagined. I have seen him perform the character of Friar Tuck, in a dramatic version of my old school-fellow, Peacock's *Maid Marian*, with such an extraordinary abandonment and gusto, that you were forced back to the "jolly green wood, and the bonny forest bramble;" he absolutely rollicked through the part, as if he had lived all his life with Robin and his men, quaffing fat ale, and devouring venison pasties. But, perhaps, his masterpiece in this way was Cassio—the insidious creeping of the "devil" upon his senses; the hilarity of intoxication, the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, and the lips glued together; the confusion, the state of *loss of self*, if I may so term it, when he received the rebuke of Othello; and the wonderful truthfulness of his getting sober, were beyond descrip-

tion fine—nay, real. No drunken scene I ever saw on a stage was comparable to it.

In a note he records the following curious instance of

## NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

When Mademoiselle Rachel was playing in London, I was struck with a critique, in a first rate weekly paper, upon her performance. My belief is, that however correctly we may all speak French, there are very few among us qualified to write ably upon a play acted in a foreign language; and yet here were not only remarks upon the actress, but some very pertinent ones upon the play itself. But what surprised me most was a quotation from Balzac, not the living author of that name, but him of the seventeenth century, with whom very few English readers are much acquainted. Happening to have "*Les Pensées de Balzac*," I, from curiosity, sought the passage, and found, that though there was something like the spirit given, it was sadly misquoted. Still the critic held, in my mind, credit for his remarks, till having occasion to run through Schlegel, there, to my great surprise, I found almost all the critique, and to prove the identity, the Balzac expression, misquoted in the same manner.

One of the most faithful of the Old Play-Goer's reminiscences is that of

## MRS. JORDAN.

As the recollection of such a woman, when accompanied by the sad reflection that she and her witcheries are gone for ever, must produce a melancholy feeling, characters in which deep interest, and the most exquisite, because the most natural, pathos prevailed, appear to claim precedence of those which were decked with smiles and joyous laughter. The two powers have rarely been so beautifully combined as in her; and yet her tragedy was not tragedy; she was not a heroine with royal sorrows, but she was a woman, with woman's sympathies and woman's affection; and hearts that were proof against the lofty powers of the higher muse, would melt into willing, sweet pity or love at her thrilling notes and delicious enunciation. Delicious! why, her common speech had more sweetness in it than any other woman's singing! Siddons, Mrs. Abington, Miss Farren, Mrs. Pope, Miss O'Neill, all possessed talents that she, perhaps, had no pretension to, but never did I hear human voice that so completely expressed the word *melody*, as that of Dora Jordan. Rich, round, full, clear, and yet so soft! I know the simile is stale, but to nothing can I compare it but the full *jug, jug, jug* of the nightingale, when May's moons are brightest, and her young flowers sweetest. There was a slight provincialism, a just perceptible breadth too in her speech, and yet it offended not the ear; for, when her hearty—no, I must not say hearty, that's common—but when her heart-sprung laugh burst gurgling from her lips, accompanied by such a word as *both*, pronounced *boath*, you could swear that *so* and *only* should it be spoken. \* \* \* \* \*

She understood, she enjoyed, she felt every word she uttered; and I verily believe that, with her neither the tear nor the smile was a fiction—proved by her life, as well as by her acting. In all the vicissitudes of her pilgrimage, and many were they, though the strictly virtuous might sigh over errors, no human being had ever cause to doubt the truth of the warm, glowing heart, which was the well-spring of her joys as of her sorrows, real or fictitious. When we consider a fine player of Richard, Iago, or Lady Macbeth, it is talent alone which claims our attention or admiration—we praise the head more than the heart; but Mrs. Jordan made all her characters loveable, and when I look at them *en masse*, 'tis like recurring to some Christmas-day dinner party, where parents, children, brothers and sisters, friends, almost brothers and sisters, were met, after various fortunes and long absence; where no single shake of the hand was given, and no cup pledged without being embalmed by a tear. I don't think she could have played an ill-natured part, she could never have reduced the swell of her voice to the necessary thinness. Till the very last of her playing, who did not feel that he could gambol through a hay-field, or play at "Hot Cocks," or "Hunt the Slipper," with her Hoydens? She was no stage-romp, she was Nature's; when her figure possessed the lightness of Romney's portrait of her, what a revelry must have been her comedy! She was not what is generally called a singer; the extent of her knowledge

of music was the power of accompanying herself simply and pleasingly on the guitar; when the character allowed her not to do so, she generally sung without accompaniment of any kind. And there was no need of helping strain to eke out voice or fill up deficiencies; the full, sweet sound stole around the largest theatres, and called soft echoes from their most secret recesses. \* \* \* Mrs. Jordan's might

be called *natural* acting with more propriety than any I ever saw; but it was not the natural acting which dispenses with study; for no one could be more correct in her knowledge of the text; it flowed from her mouth so smoothly, and seemed so entirely true, that she never appeared to be acting. There was no undue understanding between her and her audience; she gave herself up to the illusion, and went through her part as if she and her playfellows, if they were not really the persons they represented, were playing the scene to gratify themselves, without regard to, or a knowledge of auditors, to praise or blame.

Mr. ROBSON enters his indignant protest against the present fashionable taste for the Italian bravura, and the neglect of our beautiful national ballad music. With these reflections, every word of which has our cordial concurrence, we close this little volume:—

Please to mind, Charles, that in entering the lists as the advocate of the music of my fatherland, I do not come sneaking forward, to beg a hearing for my "lowly suit and plaintive ditty;" but at a time when music is being so generally diffused, I boldly assert that the music which we, England, Ireland, and Scotland, possess within ourselves, is better worthy of our national cultivation than that which is now the rage, but which can never be sung without ridicule by any but the trained and perfect artist. Around the social board, our "ain fire-side," o'er the domestic piano, in the garden walk, or, in the sweetest of all hours, dear twilight, what were more foreign or out of place than laboured strains of scientific harmony? And yet what times, what places, what seasons, so natural for the soul to gush out notes of melody and feeling as these? When "the heart is in flower," *tours de force* and astonishing execution are as completely out of keeping as discords and dissonances. When the mind is driven back from the feeling desired to be expressed, to the art with which it is given, the spirit of the song has evaporated. One of the principal drawbacks which I experience in listening to the singers of the present day arises from their perfect inattention to the words of the song. "Give me," said an amateur to me, the other day, "a fine strain of music, and I care not if the words be silly as those of a soothing nurse." Oh! how little does such a mind appreciate all that song is capable of!

*A Display of Heraldry.* By W. NEWTON. London, 1846. Pickering.

Mr. NEWTON declares his object to be to rescue the science of heraldry from the contempt into which it is falling by showing how close is its connexion with history, and how much real information as well as amusement can be gathered from it. For our own part, we cannot sympathize with his enthusiasm, even though we admit that heraldry rightly used may throw much light on dubious points of middle-age history; for it is not thus that it will be read by any save the antiquarian, and even if it serve such a purpose, it may be questioned whether the results are worth the time and toil that must be expended in the pursuit. But one of Mr. NEWTON's chapters on "Modern Perversions of the Heraldic Art," is curious by exhibiting the utter absurdity of the solemn pretences of the Herald's College, which professes to find arms for anybody who will pay the required fee. If such tricks are played with great men, as Mr. NEWTON describes, what must be the case with meaner persons, wealthy city, and such like modern purchasers of heraldic honours?

But if we examine the armorial devices latterly appropriated to indicate the achievements of a long series of British worthies, whose martial exploits have shed peculiar lustre upon our age and nation, we find a new species of insignia adopted,

of a character totally at variance with the art of heraldry, and altogether unknown to the science in its palmy days. Instead of those significant symbols and conspicuous figures employed by ancient heralds, calculated to strike the beholder at a distance, we now see minute landscapes, or marine views, depicted upon shields, whereon the details are scarcely discernible upon the most minute inspection, and which it is utterly impossible, by the language of heraldry, to describe. To indicate the achievements performed during the late war, a practice of the Herald's College has prevailed, not of displaying, as of old, in poetic figures, the particular acts of the several heroes, but of exhibiting matter-of-fact representations of the scenes of action in which they have been engaged. Hence we find mostly, in the chief part of the shield, not an emblazoned heraldic device, but an extensive landscape depicted after nature; a field of battle covered with killed and wounded; an island taken by assault; an engagement at sea, with ships sinking or blown up; a fortress stormed, or a castle shattered in ruin; and so perfectly unintelligible are these exhibitions acknowledged to be by the ingenious designers themselves, that we usually have in some part of the arms an explanatory scroll, with the word *Trafalgar*, *Acre*, *Gibraltar*, *Seringapatam*, *Algiers*, &c. reminding us of the country sign-post dauber, who, to make his artistical efforts understood, accompanies the device with an inscription, as "The White Horse," "The Blue Lion," or, "The Dan Cow." A few examples of these modern displays of heraldic art, taken, with their explanations, from Debrett's and Burke's *Peerage* and *Baronetage*, will show their inconsistency with the elements and character of the science of heraldry. The armorial devices appropriated to the late Viscount Nelson, emblazoning his heroic exploits, are thus described:—"Or, a cross patonce sable, surmounted by a bend gules, thereon another bend engrailed of the first charged with three hand-grenades sable, fired proper; a chief of augmentation wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which issuant in the centre a palm-tree between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper," but which, as an adjunct to heraldry, is exceedingly improper. The arms of the late heroic Sir Sidney Smith was, in like manner, augmented with a chief, and thereon depicted two embattled walls extending from the sides toward the centre in perspective, which were intended to represent the fortifications of Acre, where the bearer signalized himself in successfully defending that fortress against the attacks of the French army. Sir Edward Pellew, Bart. admiral of the Blue, created in 1816 Viscount Exmouth, in consequence of his distinguished gallantry at the bombardment and total destruction of the fleet and arsenal at Algiers, had an especial grant of arms in place of his hereditary coat, which is thus described:—"Gules, a lion passant guardant in base, and in chief two civic wreaths or; on a chief wavy argent a representation of Algiers (as expressed on a ribbon below), and on the dexter side a man-of-war bearing the flag of an admiral of the blue." The crest assigned to this nobleman appears to be particularly absurd; it is thus described:—"In waves of the sea the stern of a wrecked ship inscribed Dutton; in the back-ground a hill, on the top of which a tower, with a flag flying." Waves of the sea made to flow on the top of a helmet is a most ingenious conceit, and which, if not displaced by their own gravity, seem well calculated to disturb the gravity of the beholder. The hill also in the back-ground, which, of course, cannot be attached to the helmet, it may be presumed, is to be carried by an esquire at some distance behind the bearer.

Mr. NEWTON proceeds to ridicule "the arms" thus ingeniously found for those who have none, and the manner of the proceeding at the Herald's College.

In the recent practice of granting heraldic insignia to private civilians, very little consideration is given to the worth or descent of the individual; the armorial device being made not to display his achievements, but frequently by a rebus, or hieroglyphic, to express his name. This practice is defended by a reference to the figures in many ancient shields of arms, both British and Continental, which are of the same character, and have been denominated "canting arms." For instance, three lucies (pikes) are borne by the name of Luey; three ged-fish (pikes in Scotland), by the name of Geddes; three house-snails, by the name of Shelley; three eels, by the name

of Ellis; three laurel leaves (*feuille*, in French), by the name of Foulis; three hands, by the name of Manard; three salmon, by the name of Salmon; three wild cats, by the name of Keats; three herons or herons, by the name of Heron; three bells, by the name of Bell; three long bows, by the name of Bowes; a raven (*corvus*), by the name of Corbet; two shin-bones, by the name of Baynes, Bane, and Bone; a pine tree, by the name of Pine; and many other devices expressive of the names of the bearers. These arms, however, in several instances, it is easy to prove appertained to the ancestors of the respective families prior to the times when their present surnames became hereditary; it is therefore most probable that the devices borne upon their shields gave the cognomen to the family, and not that they were assumed as rebuses of the surnames to which the armorial bearings severally belonged. The same cannot be said of some shields of arms of more modern adoption. We find three wheat-sheaves and a thatched hovel, by the name of Stackhouse; three goats' heads and three gates, by the name of Yates; and many others of the like kind. Not many years ago one of the kings at arms, desirous of conferring a compliment upon his friend, a Mr. Silk, proposed the grant of new coat armour to him and his descendants; which complimentary device, when the incubation of the college upon the subject had arrived at maturity, produced, not the achievement of Silk gentleman, but the generation of silk worm—the insect among mulberry leaves. A wealthy tradesman of London, named Bowles, in ascending the ladder of civic honours, found it necessary, in his official movements, to display armorial insignia, which, upon application to the learned authorities, was found to consist of Azure three chargers or bows or, and in each a boar's head erect argent, which, says Guillim, "was the coat of that truly noble gentleman, Sir John Bowles, of Scampton, in the county of Lincoln, who was son of Sir George Bowles, knt. descended from Alane de Swinhead, lord of the manor of Bowles Hall, in Swinhead, and from thence these arms and progeny so surnamed." The boars' heads and the goblets, however, it was thought might be taken to be a sarcastic reflection upon the citizens, in allusion to the civic proverb, that "eating and drinking is the way to preferment." It was, therefore, resolved to petition the heralds for a new coat, which suit the college most graciously acceded to, and our worthy cit was presented with the noble heraldic device—a bee and three owls as the arms of Bowles.

But enough of a volume which will be welcome to the antiquarian, and the few students of an almost exploded science, but which offers few attractions for the general reader.

*An Essay on the Character of Macbeth.* London: Mitchell.

THIS essay is a reply to an article on the character of *Macbeth*, which some time ago appeared in the *Westminster Review*. The author wisely observes that any time elapsed since the appearance of the article is of no consideration. We fully subscribe to this. A creation of SHAKESPEARE'S pen is linked with all time, and not with a portion of it. The view which the *Westminster Reviewer* has taken of *Macbeth*'s character is one decidedly opposed to popular opinion. Either he was induced to take his stand against the opinions and reading of GARRICK, KEMBLE, KEAN, and HAZLETT, from a love of opposition, or, reading with a desire to analyse the true disposition of SHAKESPEARE'S characters, he has arrived at the startling conclusion that *Macbeth* is intensely selfish, and totally unsympathetic, and immoral. But in either case there is an original idea started, antagonistic to a universally received opinion, and, therefore, the idea is worthy of consideration.

The object of the Essay before us is to dispel this idea as fallacious, and untenable. The Essayist strenuously opposes the doctrine of the *Westminster Reviewer*, who thus says of *Macbeth*: "Yet all the while this man so actively engaged in putting down other traitors, cherishes against his king, kinsman, and benefactor, a purpose of

ten-fold blacker treason than any of those against which he has been defending him; the purpose not suggested to him by any one, but gratuitously and deliberately formed within his own breast, of murdering his royal kinsman with his own hand, in order, by that means, to usurp his crown."

We are of opinion with the Essayist that there is not much reason in such argument if we follow the text of SHAKESPEARE. While we oppose this view, we do not think *Macbeth* so "weak and facile to wickedness" (which is a term aptly applied by CAMPBELL) that nothing but *Lady Macbeth*'s energy could have induced him to commit murder. *Macbeth* was weakly superstitious, and, after the prophecies of the weird sisters, he is a man consciously connected with unearthly power. How far this consciousness would have urged him, without the valour of *Lady Macbeth*'s tongue, is a mere speculation. The taunts and upbraidings of *Lady Macbeth* acting on a mind susceptible to the opinions of others, as *Macbeth*'s mind was, hurried on the catastrophe. We cannot see that *Macbeth* "gratuitously and deliberately" conceived the murder of *Duncan*, that no one suggested it, and that *Macbeth* is intensely wicked. We can only subscribe to so much as we comprehend in this debate, and we cannot go beyond the text. By what rule of logic can we so far riddle *Macbeth*'s thoughts as to say that he intended murder prior to the appearance of the weird sisters—and that the prophecy of the witches touched the chord of his previous design? *Macbeth* does not teach us so much, for we do not see him until with *Banquo* he confronts the witches. "Good sir, why do you start?" asks *Banquo*, but the starting is no evidence of preconceived guilt. To suppose so would be a presumption grounded on no particle of evidence. Any man may start at the announcement, "Thane of Cawdor," and then the grand consummation, "All hail, *Macbeth*, that shall be king hereafter!"

From the interview of *Macbeth* with the weird sisters commences *Macbeth*'s history. SHAKESPEARE has allowed us to see nothing of it before this circumstance, and therefore from this point we must start. The first idea of power and assassination we must suppose is then awakened,—the cause, the prophetic voices of the witches. Then comes the powerful workings of curiosity rather than guilt, which makes *Macbeth* exclaim, when the weird sisters vanish—"Would they had staid!" He pants to know more, and becomes selfish to others, as he doubts the prophecy to himself, and so he remarks to *Banquo*:—"Your children shall be kings." This remark is a mixture of incredulity and selfishness, but after *Angus* has informed *Macbeth* that he is created Thane of Cawdor, confidence obtains a momentary mastery in the exultation, "The greatest is behind!"

After one prophecy of the witches has been fulfilled, *Macbeth* assists the fulfilment of the other prophecy by anticipating murder.

Why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image does unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of Nature? Present feats  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man; that function  
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is,  
But what is not.

*Macbeth* does not give the least hint of murder until the first prophecy is fulfilled—obviously then *Macbeth*'s imaginary crime, and afterwards his real crime, has a mysterious link with the prophecies of the weird sisters.

But *Macbeth*'s resolution grows as the image of murder becomes familiar to him, and when *Malcolm* is to be invested with the title of Prince of Cumberland, *Macbeth* is so far resolved as to exclaim—

The Prince of Cumberland!—that is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap.



These are the last words *Macbeth* utters before the interview with his wife, so that two points are established, namely, that *Lady Macbeth* was innocent of the first design of murder, and the weird sisters were the cause, if they did not really suggest, the assassination of *Duncan*. We have before remarked that nothing is known of *Macbeth's* history before his interview with the witches.

HAZLITT said all that can be said on the subject, when he affirmed that *Macbeth* was "tempted to the commission of crime by golden opportunities, by the instigation of his wife, and by prophetic warnings." Throughout the whole tragedy we see these circumstances regulating the conduct of *Macbeth*.

We do not subscribe to all the notions which the Essayist has advanced in support of *Macbeth's* character. He looks upon *Macbeth* in some respects more favourably than we look upon him. When *Lady Macbeth* inquires of her husband when *Duncan* intends to quit their castle, *Macbeth* replies, "To-morrow—as he purposes." The Essayist holds this to be a very innocent and simple reply. To us it seems any thing but innocent and simple. Just before *Macbeth's* interview with his wife, he says—

Stars hide your fires,  
Let not night see my black and deep desires.

So that he was fully bent at that time to "dare the worst." Still unaware how his wife would receive his thoughts, he replies to her when she inquires when *Duncan* goes, "To-morrow—as he purposes." Why, as he purposes? If the King purposed to go to-morrow, what should prevent him? "As he purposes," as a subtle mode of extracting an answer from *Lady Macbeth*, so as to know whether she would suggest a stoppage to that purpose, for, be it remembered that *Lady Macbeth* was acquainted by letter of the prophecies of the weird sisters. "As he purposes," had the desired effect, and *Lady Macbeth* is caught in the reply "Oh, never shall sun that morrow see!" There are other passages in the Essay, to which we do not give full assent, but in the main we agree with the author as to *Macbeth's* character. The Essay under notice is not profound in research, but it is interesting and instructive. The study of SHAKESPEARE'S characters is a study of nature—and nature is truth.

*Philip Musgrave; or Memoirs of a Church of England Missionary in the North American Colonies.* Small 8vo. London, 1846. Murray.

WHEN we received this book, and first glanced at its title, the remark arose that our missionaries have not contributed to the national literature so large a share of useful and instructive works as might reasonably have been expected from them. Living harmlessly in remote countries, and exercising their spiritual calling among nations imperfectly known, they have peculiar facilities for acquainting themselves with the natural history of the lands they inhabit, and for studying the character, genius, and manners of the curious people among whom they move. Nevertheless, few valuable works of such a nature have proceeded from our missionaries; nor can we account for this circumstance on any other ground than their holding an opinion that such inquiries are foreign to the purpose they have to fulfil, and not within the requirements expected of them. If this be so, they are mistaken, and their view is a short-sighted one. Whatsoever tends to advance knowledge of a legitimate nature, furthers, directly or indirectly, the interests of true religion. The Roman Catholic missionaries from Italy, Portugal, and Spain, whether actuated by this conviction or by less worthy motives, contributed largely, for centuries, to extend acquaintance with the natural history of the countries, and the moral character of the nations, which formed the field of their labours. Until of late

years the best work on China was that still interesting and instructive one by Father RIPA (reprinted in the series of which the work before us forms a part), and the most copious information which reached Europe of India and Spanish America, was contributed by the Jesuits. We wish to see our missionaries more observative or more communicative on these subjects; and they may rest assured that, by giving a portion of attention to them, and stating fairly their remarks, they will not only fulfil more satisfactorily the expectations we entertain, but enlist in their behalf a wider sympathy for the personal sacrifices and noble exertions they are making in the cause of Christianity, and a more bountiful support for themselves and their endeavours than is now accorded them.

The volume before us, though not altogether such as we have been advocating, is one which we gladly welcome from the hand of a missionary. It describes with simple truth and unaffected earnestness the experiences of a Christian pastor in the remote settlements of the Canadas. The circumstance of having some near relatives of his mother settled in Canada, conjoined to certain "romantic ideas" of the continent of America, which early took possession of him, shaped our author's intention of becoming a missionary in that land of promise. His views, motives, and expectations have been so well explained by himself, that we give them in his own words:—

Before I entered upon my missionary career, I did certainly sit down and count the cost; but I had no certain grounds upon which to form anything like a correct estimate. In the year 18— I was appointed, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to the township of W——, in one of our North American colonies. I succeeded a missionary who had been stationed there several years; so that in my ignorance, I took it for granted that I should find a church, a parsonage-house, and a glebe, and everything else in the mission in regular order—the same, in short, as in a parish in England. In all these expectations I was doomed to be sadly disappointed. Such having been my ideas, it would be absurd for me to say that I was influenced in the important step I had taken by anything like that zealous and devoted missionary spirit which so often induces men to go forth into heathen lands to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation amid toil and privation. Not but that I rejoiced to find myself placed in a much wider and more extensive sphere of usefulness than I had anticipated. Indeed, it was this circumstance which took away from my otherwise sad disappointments all their bitterness; and, with a thankful heart, I could bless God that so glorious a prospect was before me. If I did not then see all the troubles and difficulties I should have to encounter (if I had, my heart would have failed me), I saw enough to spur me on to exertion. I was young, healthy, and habitually active in mind and body. The reward was before me, and "I pressed forward towards the prize of my high calling," in faith and hope, with diligent and zealous perseverance.

Arrived at a sea port in America, "after a happy and prosperous voyage," as he terms it, Mr. MUSGRAVE set out for the interior of the country in search of the field of his future labours, which lay some fifty miles from the port (what port he does not state) at which he landed. He embarked on board a boat, to make the passage "up one of those majestic rivers which abound on this continent, and which would float on their waters the whole of the proud navy of England." The sketch he has drawn of his fellow-passengers is graphic, and will convey to the reader a notion of the state of things in that greatly vaunted country.

I had for fellow-passengers a country judge of the Court of Requests, a magistrate, and a colonel and major of militia, all belonging to and residing in my intended mission. Through the indefatigable exertions of some or all of these titled gentry, in examining the partially defaced directions on my trunks, and questioning not only my servant, but myself also, my

name and purpose had been successfully made out before I had been an hour in their company. I was far from being sorry for this, as I received from them the most marked and flattering attentions. There are circumstances under which the slightest act of kindness will soothe and cheer us; and mine were certainly such at the moment. Therefore, after I had somewhat recovered my equanimity of temper, which had been a little disturbed by their pertinacious and, as it appeared to me at the time, somewhat impertinent curiosity, I felt cheered and pleased. I thought at first, that, as far as good society was concerned, I had "fallen on my feet;" but, alas! my judge turned out to be a petty shopkeeper, a doler out of drams to the drunken raftsmen; the magistrate, an old rebel soldier of the United States, living upon a pension of 20*l.* a year from that government, as the reward of his treason, and, at the same time, holding a commission of the peace under the one against which he had successfully fought. The colonel, the most respectable of my dignified companions, had been a serjeant in the — regiment, and was now living upon his pension of a shilling a day. And, to complete my catalogue, the major was the jolly landlord of a paltry village tavern.

On reaching the spot of his destination he was greatly disappointed and annoyed on finding there was neither a church nor parsonage-house. He lost no time in calling the people together, and informed them he could not stay amongst them unless both were provided for him. They agreed he should have both, but the least costly first. The following extract affords a vivid picture of the inconvenience he had to undergo for the first year of his residence:—

Until this meeting took place I had been staying at the inn where I first went on my arrival; but now that I had determined to remain in the settlement, it became necessary for me to look out for more private lodgings. But after searching and inquiring every where, I could find nothing of the kind. At length I literally pitched my tent—I happened, by great good luck, to have one in my possession—close by the door of a little cottage belonging to a labouring farmer. He gave me a small bed room which was all he could spare, in the then unfinished state of his house; my servant slept in the garret with his boy. I found my own provisions, and his wife cooked for me. While the summer lasted, my tent did very well, especially after I had contrived to get rid of the pole in the centre, which was very much in my way, and to ward off the burning rays of the hot sun, which made the interior almost like a heated oven. The former I managed by putting up three poles in the form of a triangle; and the latter by covering the outside with maple and basswood branches; and as their thick and luxuriant foliage withered and dried up, I replaced them with others fresh and green. By the time winter set in, when living in a tent would have been impossible, my host had got a room for me so far finished as to be habitable and tolerably comfortable, not, however, sufficiently so to make me regret that the parsonage-house was to be built before the church. The winter was a very cold one; for a week together the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) was 50 degrees below the freezing point. Immediately after the meeting of the people, which I have mentioned, I set to work most industriously to get subscriptions for building the parsonage-house. A glebe, consisting of about forty acres, chiefly of wild, uncleared land, was generously given by the principal person in the place, together with thirty pounds in money. Every body indeed subscribed very liberally, and I therefore contracted for the work at once. During the winter the timber was cut down in the woods and brought, as well as all the other heavy materials, to the spot, and every thing was got ready for commencing the work. The moment the frost was out of the ground the cellar was excavated and the foundation laid, and the succeeding summer saw the work so far completed that I was able to strike my tent and move into it, although not more than half of it was habitable (it was at best but a small cottage), and that half far from finished. During the following winter I had a visit from the Bishop. His lordship spent the night in my new and half-finished dwelling: he slept in the bed-room of one of my servants; I put him there because it was better and more comfortable than my own. His servant, as well as my own, slept upon buffalo-hides on the floor by the kitchen fire.

The difficulties he experienced in getting subscriptions to build his church, the delays and obstacles which thwarted him were great and disheartening; yet with "the munificent grant of one hundred and fifty pounds from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts," he eventually overcame them, and had the satisfaction of erecting a church in a spot distant many miles from a similar edifice. He now applied himself with more success, if not with greater zeal, to the duties of his ministry. His narrative gives in an unstudied manner the details of his peaceful life, which, often minute, and even trivial, are interspersed with pictures of the country and its inhabitants, highly graphic, yet produced without effort, or the appearance of it, on the part of the author. Brief, but brightly coloured and suggestive, is the subjoined description of

#### THE SEASONS IN AMERICA.

The succeeding spring opened upon us in all its instantaneous bloom and verdure. The change, in the whole face of nature, was as sudden as if it had been produced by magic. In one short week the wreaths of snow had disappeared; the fountains of the great deep, as our rivers, without a metaphor, may almost be called, were broken up, and "the thick-ribbed ice was gone;" the meadows were green; the leaves were out; the birds had all come back to us again, and were singing in every bush and spray; all living things were rioting in the glories of the summer sun. We have no Spring here; or if we have, it is so evanescent that one can hardly count the few days to which it can prefer a doubtful claim, ere the Summer is upon it. Not so the Autumn. From the first of September to the beginning of November, and sometimes even to the end of it, the weather, although delightfully pleasant and beautiful, becomes gradually colder and colder; the sweet melody of the birds gradually dies away, till all is silent. Even the unceasing chirp of the cricket is hushed; but the trees in the boundless, measureless forest exhibit, in the bright sunshine and the pure atmosphere of this lovely season, a picture as beautiful as it is novel to the eye of a stranger. Instead of waving their luxuriant foliage over mountain, hill, and valley, in one rich monotonous hue of living green, they now gradually, one by one, assume colours which, in brilliancy and variety, exceed all description. The soft maple is the first to commence this gorgeous display, by changing to a rich crimson; the sugar-maple then follows, in similar though more sombre tints, variegated with the yellow of the trembling poplar, the orange and gold of the beech, and the sere brown of the butternut and the basswood, while the sturdy oak still maintains his deep green.

Among the districts within his mission was one fifteen miles from the station, where he performed divine service every Sunday so early as eight in the morning. The picture he has drawn of worship in the open air is interesting, and reminds us forcibly of the striking scene of St. John preaching in the Wilderness, as painted by SALVATOR ROSA.

#### "A TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

I had a congregation of more than three hundred, far more, of course, than the log-hut would contain. I therefore performed the service in the open air, or rather, under the shade of the lofty and majestic trees of the forest. My voice was indeed, literally, that of "one crying in the wilderness." It was a wild and moving scene. The most gorgeous temple, with its Gothic arches, its groined and fretted roof, its marble pavement and its high altar, all faded into insignificance before the dignity of such a shrine as this. From my elevated position, on the trunk of a huge elm-tree, some five or six feet in diameter, and which had been recently felled, I cast my eye over the dense crowd of those sincere simple-minded worshippers of Him "who dwelleth not in temples made with hands." They were kneeling before me on the cold damp earth, amid the rank weeds of the wilderness, with the everlasting forest over their heads, and responded in one solemn and harmonious voice to my prayer to "God the father of heaven to have mercy upon us." During the service I baptized four children. This was perhaps the most interesting circumstance of the whole. I had no previous notice of these baptisms, nor had

my clerk; there was consequently nothing provided as a substitute for a font, the people had not once thought of it, and we were at a considerable distance from any house. I had, however, even then, been too long a missionary to be at a loss for an expedient in such an exigency. There was a brook at a little distance. Its source was from the fissure of a rock in the mountain hard by, and after winding its course for about a mile, it fell into a small lake, the glassy surface of which I could see from whence I stood. I blessed this crystal fountain altogether, and, stooping down, I dipped my hand into an eddying little pool into which the lively water flowed, and this was my primitive baptismal font. I afterwards administered the Sacrament of the holy Communion to upwards of fifty communicants, all at once, and there was ample room at our spacious altar for many more.

Our missionary now married, and happily. His whole time was devoted to his ministerial duties: and after a sojourn of several years at his station, where he had erected a church, parsonage, and school-house, collected an earnest congregation, and survived much ill-natured scandal, he was seized with a desire to penetrate deeper into the back settlements, erect another church, and bring another circle of Christians within the influence of religious discipline. He visited a spot where a church had been begun, here tarried, completed the edifice, and had the satisfaction of reclaiming from worldly-mindedness a large congregation. A curious picture of the mode in which religious worship was esteemed at first in the back settlements, is contained in the following lines:—

When I commenced my labours among them, some would come into the church without their coats, or sit upon the backs of the pews, and stare about them in a most unbecoming and irreverent manner; while others would be cutting down trees in the woods, or working at any other of their ordinary daily occupations, or they would be hunting or shooting. But all this, to my great satisfaction, soon passed away. I began with my own servant. On observing, one Sunday morning, very near church time, that he had not his best clothes on, I asked him if he was sick, or what was the reason he was not ready to go to church? He replied, that he had been there two successive Sundays, and that I surely would not insist upon his going every Sunday. This young man would now consider it a great hardship to be kept away from the church, even for one Sunday, and a still greater to be kept away from the Lord's Table. He has now a wife and family, with a good farm of his own, and is quite independent, being worth at least a thousand pounds. He had nothing to commence with but the savings of his wages. This is an instance of what the honest industry of a sober, steady, and religious young man may accomplish in this country.

There is the colouring of nature in the subjoined description of "the Indian Summer," &c.:—

The autumn came in all its splendour. The parched and heated earth was cooled and moistened by the temperate breezes and refreshing showers which it brought along with it. A thin soft gauze-like haze hovered over the earth; not damp and dense, like the fogs and mists in higher latitudes, but dry and pleasant: and through it the sun was seen in all his glories, yet just enough subdued to enable the eye to look steadily upon them. This beautiful weather is called the Indian summer. We have it every autumn less or more. Some years it lasts but a few days, while in others, as in this instance, it continues for weeks. I do not know why it has been so designated, unless it be that the Indians go off from their villages about this season, into the wild woods, to their hunting-grounds. Their little brisk canoes are now seen everywhere on all the rivers, gliding noiselessly along like some huge waterfowl. Winter this year put off its coming for two or three weeks beyond its wont; and when it came, passed away without a single incident of interest enough to mark its length. Another vernal sun, in all its genial warmth and brightness, dispelled its gloom, when the chirping crickets, and the flashing fire-flies, and the singing birds, and the leaves and blossoms, all came out, as if by some magic spell, in full resplendent life; and summer came upon us all at once.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Man in the Republic; a series of Poems.* By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New York, 1846. Paine and Burgess.

THE truth must be told, however wounding to the pride of a people whose reputation is as dear to England as that of a child to a parent. The Man of the Republic has proved a very different being in practice and in poetry. As painted by Mr. MATHEWS, who beholds him through the rich atmosphere of his own imagination, and who has drawn more from the world within than from the world without, he is a noble, a generous, a grand specimen of humanity. In fact, he has shewn himself to be not a whit superior to man under a monarchy, or to man under a despotism. *Man in the Republic* has disappointed the aspirations of the friends of liberty all over the world. With the recollection of his slave-breeding, slave-selling, slave-driving; of repudiation, and Texas, and Oregon; of the perverted law described by Mr. WYSE; of the blustering speeches in Congress and the bullying language of the newspapers—we are compelled to a painful contrast between the enthusiastic vision of Mr. MATHEWS and the stern and sober reality. Were it not that a license is allowed to the poet, and that we read his raptures rather for their beauty than for their truth, we should be inclined to criticise very strictly the performance before us. But assuming Mr. MATHEWS purposes to read a lesson to his countrymen, and, under the guise of fiction, to shew them what they might be, and ought to be, in fact, we leave the philosophy altogether out of notice, and come at once to the poetry.

And really Mr. MATHEWS is, as a poet, one of the best his country has yet produced—that is to say, he approaches nearer to originality than most of them; the besetting sin of American poetry being its imitative propensities. Mr. MATHEWS is fully conscious of this defect in his countrymen, and it is a good sign in him that he seeks earnestly to avoid it, and with a success that should encourage other poets to follow his example. He says of it, that it was "an attempt growing out of the entire instinct and purpose of my nature towards nationality and truth to the time and country where I write. Could that day," he adds, "which I hope and pray for come—the day of self-reliance and manly beauty and energy in literature, and the place of feeble and self-abasing dependence on alien models—I would be almost content to cry with the old prophet, that I might now (poor servant of the cause that I had been) depart in peace."

And he will have the satisfaction of feeling that he has done his part towards rousing a spirit of self-reliance in the literature of his native land. His *Man in the Republic* is a series of nineteen ideal pictures of the republican in so many different social characters, as the child, the father, the citizen, the merchant, and so forth. They are drawn with a vigorous pencil, and contain a great deal of genuine poetical thought clothed in appropriate imagery. As fair specimens, we take three of the pictures which will well illustrate the remarks we have adventured above.

If the following be from the life, it is what we hope the emancipated British farmer will soon become.

#### THE FARMER.

Full master of the liberal soil he treads,  
With none to tithe, to crop, to third his beds  
Of ripely-glowing fruit or yellow grain—  
He knows what freedom is; undulled of pain  
Looks on the sun and on the wheatfield looks,  
Each glad and golden in the other's view;  
Or, on the meadow, listening to the sky  
That bids its grasses thrive with starry dew.

To him there come in such still places,  
Undimmed, majestic, and fresh as life,  
The elder forms, the antique mighty faces  
Which shone in council, stood aloft in strife—



When rolled the dark and stormy battle past,  
When high the standard to the sky was raised;  
When rushed the horseman with the rushing blast,  
And the red sword through shrouded valleys blazed.

When cities rising shake th' Atlantic shore—  
Thou mighty Inland, calm with plenteous peace,  
Oh temper and assuage the wild uproar,  
And bring the sick, vexed masses balmy ease.  
On their red vision like an angel gleam,  
And angel-like be heard amid their cries,  
Till they are stilled as is the summer's stream,  
Majestical and still as summer's skies.

When cloud-like whirling through the stormy State  
Fierce Revolutions rush in wild-orbed haste,  
On the still highway stay their darkling course,  
And soothe with gentle airs their fiery breast;  
Slaking the anger of their chariot-wheels  
In the cool flowings of the mountain brook,  
While from the cloud the heavenward prophet casts  
His mantle's peace, and shines his better look.

Better to watch the live-long day  
The clouds that come and go  
Wearing the heaven they idle through,  
And fretting out its everlasting blue—  
Than prowl through streets and sleep in hungry dens,  
The beast should own, though known and named as men's:  
Though sadness on the woods may often lie,  
And wither to a waste the meadowy land—  
Pure blows the air—and purer shines the sky,  
For nearer always to Heaven's gate ye stand!

The next, we presume, was not written in Pennsylvania.

#### THE MERCHANT.

Who gathers income in the narrow street,  
Or, climbing reaps it from the roughening sea—  
His anchor truth should fix—should fill his flowing sheet,  
His weapon, helm, and staff the truth should be.  
Wrought out with lies each rafter of thine house,  
Black with the falsehood every thread thou wearest,  
A subtle ruin, sudden overthrow,  
For all thy household's fortune thou preparest.

Undimmed the man should through the trader shine,  
Nor show the soul disabled by the craft:  
Slight duties may not lessen but adorn,  
As cedar's berries round the cedar's shaft.  
The pettiest act will lift the doer up,  
The mightiest cast him swift and headlong down;  
If one forget the spirit of his deed,  
Another wears it as a living crown.

A grace, be sure, in all true duty dwells;  
Humble or high, you always know it thus,  
For beautiful in act, the foregone thought  
Confirms its truth, though seeming ominous.  
Pure hands and just may, therefore, well be laid  
On duties daily as the air we breathe,  
Add heaven amid the thorns of hardest trade.  
The laurel of its gentlest love may wreath.

We conclude with a sketch which applies to all countries and all ages, the poet being everywhere the same being.

#### THE POET.

Lodging in one embrace father and child,  
The mighty heart that holds the world at full,  
The toiler, reaper, sufferer, rough or mild,  
Kin of all earth, can rightly ne'er grow dull;  
For on its tasks, in this late age, are laid,  
That stir its pulses at a thousand points:  
Its rodty haunts a thousand hopes invade,  
And Fear runs close to smutch what Hope anoints.  
On thee, the mount, the valley, and the sea,  
The forge, the fire, the household, call on thee.

Men, boundful as trees in every field,  
Men, striving a'ach, a sea-god, to be seen,  
Men, to whose eyes a later truth revealed  
Dazzling, cry out in anguish quick and keen;  
Ask to be chrisoned in their new-born thoughts,  
To have an utterance adequate and bold—  
Ask that the age's dull sepulchral stone  
Back from their Saviour's burial-place be rolled;  
All pressing to be heard—all lay on thee  
Their cause, and make their love the joyful fee.

There sits not in the wilderness' edge,  
In the dusk lodges of the wintry North,  
Nor crouches in the rice-field's slimy sedge—  
Nor on the cold, wide waters, ventures forth—  
Who waits not in the pauses of his toil,  
With hope that spirits in the air may sing;  
Who upward turns not, at propitious times,  
Breathless, his silent features listening:  
In desert and in lodge, on marsh and main,  
To feed his hungry heart, and conquer pain.  
To strike or bear, to conquer or to yield,  
Teach thou! O, topmost crown of duty, teach  
What fancy whispers to the listening ear,  
At hours, when tongue nor taint of care impeach  
The fruitful calm of greatly silent hearts;  
When all the stars for happy thought are set,  
And, in the secret chambers of the soul,  
All blessed powers of joyful truth are met.  
Though calm and garlandless thou may'st appear,  
The world shall know thee for its crowned seer.

Mirth in an open eye may sit as well  
As sadness in a close and sober face,  
In thy broad welcome both may fitly dwell,  
Nor jostle either from its nestling-place.  
Tears, free as showers, to thee may come as blessed,  
As smiling, of the happy sunshine born,  
And cloaked-up trouble, in his turn, encreased,  
Be taught to look a little less forlorn.  
Thy heart-gates, mighty, open either way,  
Come they to feast, or go they forth to pray.

Gather all kindreds of this boundless realm  
To speak a common tongue in thee! Be thou,  
Heart, pulse, and voice, whether pent-hate o'erwhelm,  
The stormy speech, or young love whisper low.  
Cheer them, immitigable battle-drum,  
Forth, truth-mailed, to the old unconquered field—  
And lure them gently to a laurelled home,  
With softer notes than lutes or viols yield.  
Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath,  
Closing their lids, bestow a dirge-like death!

#### Margaret: a Tale.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 650.]

SPEAKING of reformers, our times offer a curious problem, and one which a future age may find it less difficult to solve than the present. When it is the glory of the age that the principle of love has been discovered and applied, applied to the hearts of men with a success which fills the world with wonder; when the world, after hammering on evils for some thousand years in the vain endeavour to overcome them with evil, has tried the experiment of overcoming them with good, and has found that it can be triumphantly done,—how happens it that many who pass for reformers are perpetually using language and breathing out a spirit which it would be painfully ridiculous to regard as a manifestation of love? It would be hard to tell what such persons have ever succeeded in reforming; still they insist upon their theory; and when they find that evils only stand the firmer, and that the clear judgment of mankind is not with them, so far from suspecting the soundness of their principles, they turn in wrath on their cooler advisers, representing them as the abettors and upholders of all the wrongs which they are striving to overthrow. The truth seems to be, that such persons are but half awakened to the truth. They have gone far enough in the right direction to see the guilt and danger of existing evils, but not to reach the faintest comprehension of the spirit of Christian love. Suddenly startled from their indifference, they have been impatient to do something, and, without reflecting whether they could do any good, have dashed hastily into any door of reform which stood open near them. Passion supplied the place of humanity, which had not yet risen in their hearts; and as no other objects of wrath were near them, they fastened with teeth and nails on their neighbours who were standing quietly at their side. While others cannot see very clearly the good they are accomplishing, they look upon their own exploits with singular satisfaction, as every

cock in the morning doubtless exults in believing that the day never would have broken but for him. We do not mean to class our author with those grotesque reformers, who bear no great resemblance to apostles, except it be that their language is somewhat like Peter's when he asseverated that he did not know his Master. Something of their want of reverence for the Scriptures may be traced in him; but he has not their strong personal reasons for hostility to the ninth commandment. Without their harshness and violence, he fails in general sympathy for others, and therefore awakens little in them. This, indeed, is one of the chief faults in the book,—a kind of hardness that runs through it; when it pleads the true cause of humanity, it gives no impression of tenderness; it breathes out an intellectual philanthropy; its fountains do not seem to spring in the heart.

We say so much of reformers, because the chief apparent object of this work is to present an example of social reform, the scene of which is a village where the general tone of morals and manners was coarse, selfish, and vicious; more so, we imagine, than it could have been anywhere in New England, even at the close of the Revolution; though it was the fact, that the difficulties and disasters of the war left their marks behind them for many a weary day. Industry and enterprise were suspended; places of gossiping resort were, of course, frequented; and men sought for that happiness in low and idle amusement, or sensual forgetfulness, which, in better times, they would have found in the successful exertion of their physical, social, and spiritual powers. Now the question arises, What remedy can be applied to such a state of things, and in general to those unworthy aspects of social life which everywhere abound? The inquiry is a serious one, and at this moment engages the deep thought and feeling of many earnest hearts. We do not speak of those absurd persons who are perpetually thrusting themselves before the public eye, little heeding the indifference and contempt with which it regards them; who might be aptly represented by the widow in this book, with her quack nostrums for all disorders of the system; remedies which, by their sale, were beneficial to the inventor, but detrimental in the extreme to the victim who might be induced to take them. Such persons, who are sorrowful examples of want of wisdom and power to guide themselves, yearly assemble in conventions to discuss their plans for the world's regeneration, all of which are like the surgical process lately suggested for complaints of the heart, which was to take it out through the side, cleanse it of disease, and then replace it; a process attended with the essential difficulty, that it would cease to go meantime and for ever. Utterly undismayed by objections, and case-hardened against derision, they wear their fool's caps with as much grace and grandeur as if they were royal crowns; nor do they feel in the least the force of the hint distinctly given them, that the world will mind its own business if they will attend to theirs.

One thing seems common to these worthies; they have no confidence in the Christian religion as an instrument for their purposes; and as they evidently know nothing about it except the name, it is hardly to be expected that they should understand its power. This author, however, is aware that there is no power sufficient to this great reform, except that which resides in Christianity; and his idea is, that, if it can be set free from the corruptions which restrain its energies, and brought into direct communication with human hearts, it will bring their powers and affections into such full and harmonious action, that, like active human frames, they will resist the infection of prevailing disease, when those which lie unexercised will be sure to receive it, and to linger on in wasting decline, a burden to themselves, and losing all power to bless and serve their race. This is undoubtedly the truth; but it is not so clear that the want of power is

owing to the particular form in which the religion manifests itself, nor that it would become efficient at once if its forms of doctrine or service were altered. There are those who make too much of forms on the superstitious side, when they treat them as substitutes for duty and devotion; and others ascribe too much to them on the hostile side, when they consider them as determining the religious character, which is shaped and fashioned by other influences that work deeper in the heart. If a portion of doctrinal forms were wholly corrupt and unsound, and others were pure from earthly admixture, it might be so. But this is not the case; for every sect has its portion of truth; without it the sect could not have existed. Error is nothing but a name and a delusion; and as we may see in popular fancies and superstitions, that no one subsists for any length of time without some basis of truth under it, so we find, on inquiring into religious systems, that each one contains some truth which either is not contained, or not set prominently forth, in the others; and therefore, instead of bringing all to a single form by a rejection of the rest, the true reform would be for each to give and receive, each imparting what is good in its views and its influence to others, and cordially welcoming in return whatever light and inspiration they may be able to bestow. It must be remembered that these forms are not arbitrarily and capriciously taken up, except, perhaps, in a few cases. In general they must have established themselves in the mind and heart of numbers, by some stronger power than that of accidental association. There must have been some reason for their first adoption, sufficient to account for their past and present existence. It will be found that they expressed the state of mind and heart in the community which embraced them; they were in accordance with its moral and religious condition; and when they cease to have this fitness, they will begin to perish; they will lose all their hold on the general reverence and affection; and the attempt to sustain them, in a vain traditional existence, will seem as useless and unnatural as to detain a corpse from the grave.

We cannot conceive how any one can fail to see the truth on this subject, when he observes what is passing in the Christian world. There is no danger of any permanent harm from religious forms or parties, when all that their friends can do will hardly keep them in existence. It is evident that they are under the operation of an unseen law, which ordains, that, like the red leaves of autumn, when they have ceased to answer the purpose of their existence, they shall pass away. We see the most liberal as they are called, those which allow so much individual independence that they have hardly sufficient cohesion to call themselves one, as fervour extends itself among them, are like cold water when heat is applied to it, going off in the shape of steam—not dangerous, as when confined in cylinders, but quietly spreading in the air, and finding its place in the clouds; while those which are held more firmly together by party interest and attraction, and therefore are gathered into larger masses, at the moment when they are exulting in their power and success, become aware of an air-slaking process going on within them, bursting them at first into huge fragments, which defy all attempts at reunion, and are themselves fast crumbling into a general heap of dust. If religious forms ever had much influence upon the times, the times have now the upper hand, and will take ample vengeance if ever they have suffered wrong. To us it seems clear that the religious forms and systems in the day and the village which our author describes existed not in defiance of light and truth, but simply because the community was not ripe for any other; and had a better one been proposed to them, it would not have been estimated or even understood. These forms, which are the rallying points of sects and parties, are seen in various lights and rela-

tions, as the adherents to them advance or remain stationary. There is no longer any singleness of views, and of course there ceases to be any singleness of feeling. Hence it results that every such association contains the principle of decay within itself; it will hide its time; but the eye of the sharp observer, when he traces the first small seam creeping through its walls, though it gives neither alarm nor warning to the inhabitants, knows that it cannot be long before its end shall come.

But suppose that these forms were as important as some believe them; suppose that they really exerted a controlling influence for good or for evil on those who live under them; suppose it were possible to remove at pleasure those which we disapprove. How shall their place be supplied? The Quaker, though a deadly enemy to fashion, must have his garments, and his resistance ends in adopting a fashion of his own. So those who exclaim most fiercely against these religious forms must have some drapery for the religious sentiment, and the question is, What shall it be? Our author, in the conclusion of his work, appears to have had it in view to present a system of his own, to which we have no particular objection, except that it is his own; in other words, it is not one that most Christians would accept as a means of inspiring or expressing their religious feeling. Like most other suggestions of the kind, it is made only in the spirit of opposition to the old system; it mistakes reverse of wrong for right, and, when considered as a plan proposed for general adoption, it is liable to the fatal objection, that there is no prevailing state of mind standing ready to give it welcome. The only true course to be pursued by those who would introduce great social improvements is to adopt as a basis the existing state of things. By gradual approach and correction, changes may be made which shall amount at last to a revolutionary, and, all the while, an unconscious, reform; whereas, the friend of humanity who exalts himself over the darkness of those around him, and calls on them with pert flippancy or passionate defiance, to become as wise as he is, and to despise all the present objects of their reverence, is answered with such a quiet intimation as the Jews gave to Herod when he proposed to rebuild their temple, that before they suffered him to remove a stick of the old building, they should like to see him provide not only the plan, but the materials and resources, for the new.

On the whole, we think that this is a matter which necessarily arranges itself; that is, it is determined by causes and influences not under the immediate control of human effort, and therefore not to be changed at will. Where the religious principle does not exist, no outward forms of doctrine or service will create it; and where it does exist in strength and sincerity, it breaks through them at once, and acts independently of them. If there is any want of harmony between Christianity itself and its forms, the form may be left standing till it perhaps sinks in decay; but the religious principle will be as free in its range and action as if no form was there. It is easy to see, in a great proportion of cases, why these forms are prized and cherished with such fond devotion. With many, the respect is traditional, and taken at second hand from their friends or fathers; but when they choose for themselves, we can see something in their temperament, character, or habits of thought and feeling, which inclines them to those views and sects with which they will most readily assimilate. And this tendency will not be changed by the strongest demonstration we can give them of the error of their way; for they feel that it is natural and beneficial to their hearts, if not to ours. Whether we like it or not, we must reconcile ourselves to this state of things; so it ever has been, and so it will continue to be. But we may find some comfort in reflecting that the spirit of truth is not confined to any party, nor is it necessarily excluded

from any. Whenever it exists in power, it is the same in every party, the same in every breast.

(To be continued.)

## JOURNAL OF EDUCATION:

UNION OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.—The annual assemblage of the delegates from the several united institutes was held on Wednesday, the 3rd inst. at Huddersfield, under the presidency of F. Schwann, esq. The number of institutes in the union is now 45, comprising 9,000 members, and having more than 41,000 volumes in their libraries. A public meeting of the friends of the Union was held in the Philosophical Hall in the evening, over which Lord Morpeth presided. The building was crowded by a most respectable company, a large portion of whom were ladies. The noble lord, in taking the chair, expressed the sense he entertained of the honour they had done him in inviting him to be present on that occasion, and adverted to the different position that he now occupied, as member for the West Riding, from what he did when he last presided over them at Wakefield two years ago. Though politics were very properly excluded from meetings like that, he trusted he might be allowed to advert to a question which had of late much agitated the public mind. He alluded to a repeal of the Corn Laws. And why did he mention that? Because he trusted that, as that question was about to be finally settled, it would leave an open stage for other questions that must succeed it. He would be amongst the last to underrate the importance of a repeal of the Corn Laws; but important as it was, it was a question only of material wants; it was a question only as to bodily food and material being. The repeal of the Corn Laws might bring more wheat for man, more oats for horses, more maize for cattle. But for men who spoke and reasoned, and enrolled themselves as members of mechanics' institutes, something more was required than the meat that perisheth. And when the legislature shall have done its part as regards material things, the people must put forth their efforts to educate the immortal soul. (Loud applause.) Then they would expect Lord John Russell to write a letter against the evils of ignorance, which were more fatal than the evils of fever and mortality; they would expect Sir Robert Peel to bring in a bill for a general system of education; they would expect Cobden and Bright to agitate for free trade in slates and primmers, for learning for the many, and literature for the millions. (Loud and enthusiastic cheering.) His lordship then enlarged upon the utility of mechanics' institutes, and recommended his hearers, whilst supporting them, to add to knowledge virtue, which would ensure them everlasting happiness and peace. The assemblage was subsequently addressed by W. R. C. Stansfeld, esq. M.P. for the borough of Huddersfield, Mr. Edward Baines, jun. and several other gentlemen, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A prodigious oak tree of some hundreds of years' growth, called the Monster of the Forest, having stood the test of many a pelting storm, was on Monday last safely delivered into the raff-yard of Mr. Maples, merchant, of Spalding, being drawn by nine horses; it weighed nearly ten tons, was thirty-four feet in length, and required "the steam" of sixteen horses and three men for nearly a whole day to draw it one mile from the place where it was taken down, which was at Hanthorpe, near Bourn. It appears to have had at some time several large and weighty limbs taken from its trunk. It squares about forty-two inches, and has nearly 300 feet of wood in it.

A large eagle was shot a few days ago by the game-keeper of Sir J. E. Swinburne, bart. upon the estate of Mouncies, near Falstone, North Tyne. The bird measured six feet four inches between the tips of the wings, and nearly two feet in length from the bill to the tail. One of the same species was killed last year upon the same property.

A Swedish botanist, who assumes to himself the discovery of the means of preserving flowering trees and shrubs in all their beauty, lately sent to the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm a tea-rose, which he affirms that he embalmed in the year 1844,—and the flowers of which, as well as the leaves and



stems, are in perfect preservation. If this discovery shall be confirmed, it will be of incalculable value; as, by it, the plants of all climates may be preserved, and transplanted to any distance, bearing all their natural appearances.

### THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

#### A Journey down the Mississippi.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 621.)

17th.—Left New Madrid on board steamer *Diamond*; boat loaded very heavily, with a deck load of cattle and hogs, the latter of which kept up a perpetual concert on the *Suinnelle*; every variety of note and tone is here, from the most minute squeak of the youngest porker to the gruff hoo! of the oldest sow; we get along very slowly, in consequence of the heavy load and lowness of the water, and our captain does not venture to run in the night at all.

18th.—Arrived at Memphis.

19th.—Seeing many barrels stuck up on a sand bar close to the edge of the water, set every body on board to wondering the cause, and rounding the boat immediately into a wood yard, we learned that last night the steamer *Belle Zane* struck a snag and sunk immediately, the cabin floating past with the few survivors on it shrieking for assistance. A few miles below we met the cabin ashore, with a few men and women cowering over a fire on the bank; as they hailed our boat, she landed and took them on board. They are truly a distressing sight; waked suddenly in the night, without a second's warning, they are without clothes, hats, or shoes, save a scanty covering snatched from their beds as they rushed out into the river to escape being engulfed by the sinking steamer. In this condition they grasped at barrels, and any other floating article, and reached the shore in the best manner they could. Many have lost the use of both hands and feet by frost, and are unable to walk. At Napoleon we took on board another detachment, being the last survivors of the ill-fated boat. The captain and clerk being here, we learned there were about ninety souls on board, fifty of whom have been saved, and the rest drowned or missing. Here were the dead bodies of eight men lying on the beach, just dragged from the water, and the corpses of two women and two children in a shed close by. In one case, a gentleman, his wife, and two children, were all lost at once! Thus a whole family was deprived of existence in one short moment! The horrors of this dreadful catastrophe were heightened by the inclemency of the weather, and many who reached the shore escaped the fury of the waves only to perish with cold on the desolate bank. The survivors have a motley appearance, clothed in negro hats, coats, and shoes, or any other covering they could procure. This was an ample opportunity for the display of sympathy in a more substantial manner than words, and, as usual, among Americans, it was not made in vain. Clothing of every description was generously shared by those who had any to spare; and one chap laughed not a little at figuring in a pair of my trousers, with one leg shorter than the other. The writer was lame.

23rd.—Reached New Orleans at last, after three times the detention and ten times the expense and trouble I had expected when I left home, or I should certainly have gone by land all the way to New York. I see much shipping here, and hope at last to obtain a good ship and speedy passage to my destination, without further detention. I am very sorry to be obliged to disappoint my friends so much, but a friend advises me not to take any thing with me except my clothes, as I shall be detained a long while in Liverpool thereby, and be subjected to much annoyance by the Custom-house officers, I being unacquainted with the customs, &c. of importers.

26th.—Have just engaged passage on the ship *Lapland* to sail in a few days, after a great deal of trouble. The ships lie in very remote situations, and although several have left every day, I never could see the captain long enough before they left to get my baggage on board. New Orleans is a most

singular place, and it is probably the most foreign and odd-looking of any other in the United States. Almost every language under the sun can be heard on the Level here, and every possible variety of colour assembles at once in the markets; the graceful and beautiful quadroon and French brunette, the dark and besotted Indian, and the thick-lipped negro, follow each other in such variety, that the scene shifting of a theatre is nothing in comparison with the New Orleans market on a Sunday morning. Every thing is exhibited for sale here, from a penny whistle to a pine apple, and on every side the vendor is vociferously recommending his wares to the purchaser in a language unintelligible to himself and every one else.

30th.—Left New Orleans on board the good ship *Lapland*, glad to leave a city apparently dedicated to the special recommendation and attention of his Satanic Majesty. As the sonorous puff of the monster tow boat bore us slowly from the Level, a light haze seemed to rest both over land and water, and the many lights of the departing city glistened like stars.

31st.—Descending the river rapidly in tow of the *Hercules*, with the ship *Ocean*, on her other side, and a fleet of smaller craft in her wake. The many sugar-plantations, with their neat houses and whitewashed sugar-mills, lend an agreeable variety to the otherwise monotonous banks of the mighty river we are leaving behind us. Passed Fort Jackson; a long, low building of brick, with handsome stone barracks for troops; it does not look very formidable, but the captain says it is in excellent order, and the apparent pile of dirt over it is a bomb-proof composition, while its low situation renders it impossible to be hit by guns from vessels, although its guns could bore a vessel venturous enough to come in range of them.

Jan. 1, 1846.—At anchor in sight of the Gulf of Mexico, surrounded by vessels bound in and out, whose flags are gaily saluting the new year. Dozens of tow boats can be described on the horizon, mere specks, with a long train of smoke, as they hail the different vessels as they arrive, taking them in tow and pull them into the river. We are obliged to wait until night for the tide to rise and float us out.

2nd.—“We’re afloat!” With a fair wind and bidding adieu to “Columbia on the Lea,” at the rate of nine knots an hour. The lighthouse at the mouth is all we can see of our native land, and we shall soon bid that adieu also. The lonely sensation that will come over the traveller as he bids good bye to his native land for the first time can only be imagined by those who have experienced it, and it is not to be described in language.

8th.—I have been looking at the light-house on Florida reef for the last two days, and, by way of variety, have crossed over to take a peep at the British light on the Bahama bank; was boarded by the boat of the keeper, containing his son, a lad of fourteen, who eagerly inquired for some newspaper. I gave him a “Crockett’s Comic Almanac,” which amused him much, and he inquired with much *naïveté* whether it was true. The captain treated him very kindly, filled his basket with fresh vegetables and potatoes, and sent him on his way rejoicing. The light-house is situated on a desolate rock, with only herbage enough to support a few goats. Rains supply the keeper with water, and rations from the British government keep him in food; while his kindness to shipwrecked mariners (of whom there are many on this dangerous coast) renders him a general favourite with all ship captains and sailors. We have now (Jan. 12) been detained six days by head winds—our only employment to see the waves dashed into foam over the rocks surrounding the light-house; and at last are enabled to bid it a final good bye as we sail gaily down the Gulf of Florida with the Gulf stream.

22nd.—This morning, just as all hands had breakfasted, a sail on the weather-bow was descried, and although the wind was blowing a perfect gale from the N.W. our captain ordered the man at the helm to bear up for her. With the wind constantly freshening, we neared her rapidly, and soon ascertained that her colours were flying at the mast-head, union down—a certain signal of distress. A nearer approach shewed signals of distress all over her; the union jack, “the red cross of St. George,” half-mast in her rigging, shewed her to be an English vessel. Our gallant captain immediately ordered the main, mizen, and fore-top sails to be furled, and as we slowly neared her, the short, but appalling words, “stove,” “sink-

ing," written in chalk upon her sides, and the men busy at the pumps, told a dreary tale of shipwreck and disaster; the name of "*Lydia*" was also apparently chalked on her side. As we came under her stem, the captain sprang into the rigging, and requested us to lie by him till the storm abated, or till he could abandon his vessel. Of course our captain assented, and a wild cheer burst from the anxious crew as we hove to, and displayed the *stars and stripes*, the glorious old "gridiron," to the breeze. All day we laid by the unfortunate ship, gradually drifting to leeward a little faster than she did, thus increasing the distance between us, which they made no effort to lessen, and with the gale growing stronger every hour. At dark we were probably three miles distant from the Englishmen, who raised a light, which we answered by raising another, and by burning a signal light from the main deck every hour. All hands were anxiously employed in looking for their signal throughout the night, but at two o'clock it was seen for the last time, and by daylight she was not in sight from the mast-head, while the gale, increasing hourly, blew a perfect hurricane. With much reluctance our captain proceeded on his voyage, and many a sigh of sympathy was wafted after the devoted vessel. What ever became of her—whether the imperfect description we can give of her will be the only information anxious wives and families will ever hear of husbands and fathers—is a question known only to the God of Battles and of Storms, who "holds the seas in the hollow of his hands," and has charge over those "cheery mariners" who "go down upon the great deep in ships." Such a sight, seen for the first time by a landsman, is at once the most remarkable and mournful that he can ever experience. Seated securely by a comfortable fireside, the careless reader can never share in the intense interest felt by those who see an unfortunate wreck covered with human beings going down below their eyes, and who feel that their destiny is in other hands than those of human beings, who are powerless in their efforts to save.

(To be continued.)

## ART.

### ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

The 20th exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy is now open in Dublin. It possesses only an average merit, but a much greater variety than usual. Some of the members of our own Royal Academy are exhibitors, and there are also several members of the Scottish Royal Academy, and the Florentine. These, however, being "visitors," cannot receive quite so much of our attention as those among whom we are ourselves, at present, visiting. Moreover, we have seen most of these latter productions before.

Some of the fancy pictures are interesting. Among these we were most pleased with *A Kerry Peasant Girl* (No. 373), which is excellent. *A Study* (No. 40), very pretty in art, and sincere in feeling; *Juvenile Friends* (No. 62), extremely pretty and playful; *The Duck Shooter* (No. 128), excellent for painting and character; and *The "White Boy" under escort to Gaol* (No. 377), which is full of character, and equally stern and pathetic. It is at once a record of his crime, and the cause of it. All these are by Irish artists, two among them being associates of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

While speaking of the fancy pictures, it is impossible to pass over one painted by a clergyman (the Rev. J. Rooney, of Galway), entitled *May Day at Menlo* (No. 211). It is very interesting, very amusing, very Irish, and full of diversified identity in character; but a heresy in art. It is a matter-of-fact scene of rustic Irish merriment—of the peaceful and flowery order, without any whisky or shillelahs, but abounding in grass and bottle-green leaves, and music, and dancing, and, above all, in quaint humour among the company. Every face has its character, its temper, turn of humour, and the thought of the moment fixed upon it. We should notice, especially, the reproving look of sour apprehension and "no trust" of the man with a basket of pies and sugar-sticks, which a little boy is fingering something interrogatively; the mingled shame and conceit in the face of the young rustic, who is evidently dancing for the first time in his life; and the listening face of the blind Irish piper. The "drawing" is all as stiff as a work of carpentry. The whole

picture is marked out as minutely and sharply as a map, and the heads are like wafers; in fact, the colouring has just the effect of a box of mixed wafers. It is evidently the production of a self-taught hand, who copied the scene and faces exactly as he saw them; and it might have been painted by a man who had never seen a picture in his life. It belongs to the same class as the ancient Chinese, or rather to ancient Mexican painting. Every petty detail is as distinct as if taken down in evidence. They are ridiculously historical. The picture by the Rev. Mr. Rooney might be adduced in a court of law as a *fac-simile* of a scene on May-day, in the village of Menlo, county Galway.

The landscapes and scenes of wood and water are tolerably numerous, as one might expect in a country abounding in beautiful scenery; but they are neither so numerous, nor in general so good as they should be, considering the opportunities, and the inspirations waiting to be caught. The best, however, are by Mr. S. Petrie, R.H.A., G. Forde, S. F. Brocas, and F. Peel, and consist chiefly of views from Killarney, from the Dargle, from Kerry, and Connemara. Mr. Petrie's *Brandon Mountain* (No. 308), with the shower passing off, is characteristic, true to nature, and excellent as a painting; and the landscapes in water-colours (Nos. 321, 394, 398, and 411), possess a boldness and breadth of style which display considerable power, although the medium is not calculated for strong effects. The two water-colour drawings, entitled *Gibraltar*, and *Gibraltar from the Spanish Coast*, by the contributor who styles himself "Anonymous," are most certainly from the hand of a master, be he who he may.

The portraits are not very numerous, and this is about the only thing that can be said in their favour. There are, however, a few exceptions. Among these latter we should particularly notice E. D. Leahy's fine portrait of a former President of the Royal Hibernian Academy (No. 53), which is very like a head by one of the old masters, but without being in any respect a servile imitation. The portrait of *His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*, by Catterson Smith, R.H.A., is excellent in painting, character, likeness, and style. A physiognomist might safely pronounce upon it. The countenance is an epitome of the history of a life of diplomacy, quiet, subtle, unsympathizing, also without antipathy; suspecting your motives, and waiting with a shut mouth and a sort of pinched smile, till you say, or do, or look something, by which you commit yourself. Yet with all this, the expression has not the least effort, or appearance of scrutiny.

In the Antique Academy we were most pleased with the busts by Christopher Moore, R. H. A. which are all admirably characteristic and identical, but without any hardness or effort. We should also speak in terms of praise of the little group by J. H. Foley, entitled *Prospero relating his Adventures to Miranda*, and with very great praise of the *Ino and the Infant Bacchus*, by the same artist. The model of a statue of the late Marquis of Downshire, by Joseph R. Kirk, R. A. is one of the most easy and pleasing full-length figures we ever saw. Nothing can be more bland and sweet.

Among the exhibitors of our own Royal Academy, some of whose works are in the present collection, are Turner, Ward, Danby, Latilla, Miss Drummond, Crewick, Inskipp, Elmore, Redgrave, &c. These artists being already well known, we shall only notice two peculiarities. One of these we find in the landscape by Turner, entitled *Saltash, Devon* (No. 106), which, so far from being at all in his usual bright and aerial style, has actually a resemblance to the style of Adam Oxtade, both in its colouring and figures. It has, moreover, a dull mist over it, as if the picture had been exhumed from some damp lumber-room, and packed off to Ireland without cleaning. Of Ward's picture of a rustic scene at hay-making time, we have to remark that, although it is excellent in its close adherence to nature, it is not so good in respect of the red-visaged, recumbent clod-pole, who must be pronounced a ridiculous and somewhat offensive caricature, indeed he is very like some of the caricatures of the once celebrated Gilray—a monster in his beer.

Among the honorary contributors to the present exhibition are several whose productions are artist-like and pleasing, particularly those of Sir G. F. Hodson, Bart. and Lady Louisa Tennyson.—*Abridged from the Daily News.*

We learn by a correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, that the celebrated Cornelius has just completed and exhibited at Rome his cartoon intended for the mausoleum of the royal family of Prussia. It is looked upon as a grand triumph of German art. The admiration it has called forth is unbounded; but more than all, the Italians seem lost in astonishment. The cartoon represents the four powers which, as magnificently described in the Apocalypse, are to appear at the end of the world. They ride through the air on horses that seem more intimately connected with them than the centaur, with the animal of which he forms a part. In the van is a Tartar chieftain who sends from his twanging bow-string, like unto Homer's Apollo, the shaft of Pestilence before him. Hunger follows. Corn is so dear that it must be weighed in the scales which he holds on high, while a figure to the left with horrid mimicry proclaims the high price to which all food has risen. Now follows War: a youth of exceeding beauty, swinging the bloody sword of battle above his head, with the united strength of both arms; and lastly comes Death, mowing down all that the others have left him. A chorus of the departed accompany the dreadful host with cries of woe, whose tones seem to sound from out the picture, and become audible to the spiritual sense. The tone preserved in this part of the painting is, it is said, indescribably beautiful. Eleven figures, three of whom are children, suffice to represent the perishing human race. And yet in this group is contained a representation of all the horrors which the imagination of man can take in at a glance. In more than one figure we see the celebrated motive of Timanthes employed, who, in the sacrifice of Iphigenia, represented Agamemnon veiled. But what is not expressed by the gestures, by the figure of a youth who, amid the agonizing struggles of death, covers his eyes with convulsively-closed hand! What name might be given to the suffering expressed on the countenances of the women, who, imploring mercy and pity, fling themselves on their knees before the mighty band! But above all is Anguish, represented with a wonderfully deep knowledge of the human soul in the two little children, invested as they are with a sublime beauty. The young too, the age of innocence, all is unsparingly swept away. Despair is foreign to such tender souls; but in the countenance of the man, who, with clasped hands, has fallen to the ground, we behold it in all its horror; and this figure forms the centre of the picture.—The statue of Huskisson, lately cast at the royal foundry of Munich, is now to be seen in the court-yard of that establishment.—A cast which will require at least twenty-five tons of metal is being prepared for one of the largest portions of the colossal "Bavaria."—The fountain destined for Vienna, with its five large bronze statues, approaches its completion; as well as many other works for Switzerland, Stuttgart, Sweden, &c.—*Literary Gazette*.

## MUSIC.

### NIEDERRHEINISCHES MUSIKFEST.

#### THE GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE musical enthusiasm of the people of Germany surpasses any thing that can be imagined by those accustomed only to the feigned raptures and unskilled criticism with which the performances of *prima donnas* are treated in the *salons* of London. In Germany the music mania is not confined to aristocratic circles, but affects all classes equally, and peasants presume to play the critic upon the merits of the greatest musicians with as much confidence, and usually with as much taste, as the prince patron. A remarkable instance of this national trait of the German character has been lately exhibited at a great musical festival held at Aix, at which JENNY LIND was present. An extremely graphic description of the scene has been published by a correspondent of the *Times*, and as it possesses something more than the interest of a mere newspaper paragraph, we extract a few passages that will please greatly the present reader, and be worth preserving for future reading and reference.

On the 1st of June, the day preceding the festival, the city of Aix-la-Chapelle presented an amusing spectacle.

The influx of strangers was enormous. Not less than 200 persons were dining at each *table d'hôte*, and hundreds were unable to obtain seats. Here is a sketch of

#### MUSICAL PEOPLE AT FEEDING-TIME.

Harmony and melody are the inexhaustible sources of discussion; and as Smyrna merchants talk of figs; New York traders, of dollars; doctors, of fees; and parsons, of tithes; every one here is absorbed by Mendelssohn or Jenny Lind, or by the development of some crotchet of his own. The *table d'hôte* is the great centre of reunion, and as at least two hours are spent in the slow process of a German service, all have time to hold a cosy chat with their neighbours. The pieces performed at the festival are less talked of than music in general. Each has composed, or is member of a club, which contains a genius, a future Haydn or Weber; and each is anxious to make his friends understand the full value of the grand discovery. "It is delicious," exclaims an enthusiast; "It goes thus, Di, dum, di." "Oh! Sir, you are wrong," cries another of the same school; "it is Di, do, dum." A third swears it is "Dum, di, do;" and a fourth, to convince the three that all are in fault, sings the whole air *sotto voce*, and drums on the table with as much earnestness as if he had a Broadwood or Erard before him. If there be a composer of note present he forms the sun of a system, and a host of admirers are screaming in his praise. Every thing he wrote is discussed, his trios and quartettes are cited as immortal, and the poor man is uplifted to paradise. Do not imagine that these are the children of song, or that the conversation ever turns on such music as builders of barrel organs make their own, and the public ear has rendered popular. No, Sir, nothing will go down but your instrumental difficulties, your harmonic logarithms, and all that is caviare to the multitude. The ladies seem to be as great enthusiasts as the men, and they too have their quavers and semi-quavers. When you see a knot of German women in close and mysterious council—you suppose that the last Parisian shape was the absorbing topic. No such trifling, I assure you. Beethoven or Mozart are their man-milliners, and Jenny Lind, or some other native celebrity, their Victorine.

The writer gives a very glowing description of

#### THE MUSICAL LADIES OF GERMANY.

I believe all the handsome women of Germany have agreed to meet at this festival, and one can see here the characteristic models from whence Danekar drew the inspiration of his Ariadne. But all know that Danekar created his Ariadne for the king of Wirtemberg, that the monarch selected the *chef-d'œuvre*, and that it came into Mr. Bethman's hands for a sum not one-tenth of its value. But we do not know that it is one of the finest statues in the world—bold words but very true—and that as much as the Venus is the beau idéal of the Greeks—the Hebe of Canova the impersonation of modern Italy—the Ariadne is the model of German beauty in its rich luxuriance of form and face. We have many Ariadnes at Aix-la-Chapelle, at present, and the native *pur sang* is to be seen here in its rarest perfection. The German ladies are as good as they are handsome, and every face is lit up with an expression that comes direct from the heart; but above all things, they are musical, and as wives, mothers, or children, harmony and melody are their earliest and latest thoughts. Not a single rehearsal has been missed by any one of them, though to secure a place we must be stirring at five in the morning; not a single air has been passed unnoticed; not a line has been said or sung without critical examination; not a quaver of Jenny Lind's, not a flourish of Mendelssohn's *bâton*; not a puff of the hautboy or the flute; not a move of the fiddler's arm, nor a roll of the kettle-drum, has been neglected; and not only has an abundant meal been made at present, but a large lot of melodious good things has been laid up for a winter evening's store. Our hotel is crowded with these Syrens, and from every apartment are heard snatches of song or exercises of the voice. The piano, of course, is not omitted—there is one on the same landing as my room, which I never shall forget, and thus after having run the gauntlet of music in the streets, one cannot find an interval of repose at home. I thought a "rest" was a necessary ingredient in the art, and that even the most furious composer allowed moments for the ear to recover from fatigue: but, practically



speaking, here there is no rest, and neither from man, woman, or child can a musical interval be expected. I have reason to say child, as the poor little baby in the next room still exercises its young throat—and I have also reason to say man and woman—as the violinist at the other side is insatiable, and the family in No. 10 are madly in love with their piano.

Now for the appearance of the house and of the performers at the first day's concert.

The theatre in which the exhibition took place was newly decorated for the occasion. An orchestra, with ascending benches, occupied the whole of the stage. Several handsome chandeliers, suspended from the ceiling, so well lighted up this part of the house that the face of every singer or performer could be recognized by their friends from the body of the *salle*. A splendid central branch lustre illuminated the theatre, aided by a profusion of wax-lights hung from the balconies. The gentlemen performers paid due attention to the rigorous continental costume of black coat and white waistcoat; and the ladies amateurs were all in white, with chaplets of roses as the only head-dress. Mademoiselle Lind's toilette was equally simple and distinguished, and she and her numerous young friends formed a most graceful and interesting phalanx. To prevent intrigue and trafficking for places, the house was divided into lots—boxes, balconies, pit, and gallery, and all were drawn in a lottery; so that each subscriber was obliged to be satisfied with the place he had the luck to draw. By this means heartburning and patronage were avoided; and no distinction of rank or toilet was visible in any part of the *salle*. The music was executed by 493 vocal performers, divided into the following classes:—Soli, 6; soprani, 115; alti, 105; tenori, 114; and bassi, 153; and by 131 instrumental, thus arranged—69 violins, 17 violincellos, 12 counter-basses, 4 flutes, 4 hautboys, 4 clarionets, 4 flageolets, 8 horns, 4 trombones, drum and kettle-drum. The general direction was intrusted to Mr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and the chorus was under the immediate care of M. Turangi, of Aix-la-Chapelle. All the performers, save six vocal as well as instrumental, were amateurs, either German or Belgian, admitted according to a special convention, on giving satisfactory evidence of musical means, and by submitting to the rigorous course of exercise and rehearsals exacted by the committee. Generally speaking, the performers were members of musical clubs at Cologne, Dusseldorf, or Aix-la-Chapelle; but strangers had also been received on the conditions already specified.

Now for the Swedish nightingale herself,

#### JENNY LIND.

The whole attraction was therefore centered in the choruses, who attained a degree of perfection unknown to any but German amateurs; in the instrumental music, which was drilled into the most fabulous unison; and in Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, who in herself is a host, and of whose splendid voice, unsophisticated taste, and marvellous execution, too much cannot be said by even the most enthusiastic writer. I am told that Mademoiselle Lind is an excellent dramatic singer, and that in Norma and the Sonnambula she cannot be excelled. I am likewise informed that she is a mistress of the florid style, and, to complete the wonder, the sweetest warbler of ballads and of her national airs. But at present I can only speak of her delivery of sacred music, although I hope before the festival is over to hear her in opera, bravura, and ballad—and one must be difficult indeed who expected that Haydn's *Creation* could be sung with greater classical knowledge, finer intuitive perception of the author's meaning, or a more brilliant delivery of every note. Jenny Lind has the good sense to know that the poetry and the music are equally to be heard; and she not only sings to fill every ear with delight, but she pronounces each syllable and word with so much distinctness that not a point is lost. The theatre of Aix-la-Chapelle is not large; in the construction great attention was paid to its capability of retaining sound, and no doubt the *artistes* are heard here to great advantage; but from the fullness of her voice, and the volume of intonation which she occasionally throws forth, I should think that her Majesty's Theatre would not be over large, and that the very last bench of the pit or gallery would have no reason to complain. \* \* \* \* Jenny Lind sung the part

of Gabriel in the first two parts, and that of Eve in the third. Her first air, "Mit Staunen Sieht das Wanderwerk" ("the Marvellous Works"), was a glorious pledge that Haydn would be duly honoured; and the most holy silence was preserved. The general expectation was not disappointed, and her execution of that air and of "Nun beut die Flur das frische Grün" ("With verdure clad"), was such as angels might envy. She sustained one note as long as the time allowed—for nearly sixty seconds; and after a thrill that electrified the audience, she drew out a long note (technically *diminuendo*), beginning in all the fullness of *forte*, and terminating in an apex of melody, the last tone, *pianissimo*, being as pure and tuneful as the base. But the grand triumph of the night was "Auf Starkem Fittige schwinget sich der Adler stolz" ("On soaring wings"), and she so enchanted the crowd that, if permitted, they would have rushed upon the stage and borne her off in triumph. The ladies of the chorus carried their enthusiasm even further than the *salle*, and a shower of bouquets thrown by them expressed their feelings in a characteristic manner. A general *encore* was called, but the conductor interfered, and it was not allowed. The whole of the "Morning Hymn" and the *duo* with Adam was what an Irish orator called "a plane of continued elevations." It was, in fact, a collection of precious gifts—a necklace of melodious gems—a spicery of perfumed treasures, which can never be forgotten by those who participated in the distribution of such precious gifts. When the concert was concluded, a promenade by the light of the young moon awaited the romantic; ices and the smiles of *la belle Julia* at the Fontaine d'Elise; supper and the clatter of two hundred knives and forks at the Grand Monarque. Sober people sought the quiet of their own apartments, but I hope many did not fare as I did, as, to the piano and violin which dwell on the same landing was added on last night a baby of three months, who has the shrillest pipe and the least ear for music that can be imagined. Only think, sir, after having been fiddled, blown, and sung at from five o'clock in the morning till near midnight, and with the necessity of being again piped and fiddled on the following day from five o'clock A.M. to midnight, to have a new musical instrument called a baby's squall added to your domestic concert! But "patience," as they say in Portugal—the little soul may be another Jenny Lind, and St. Cecilia herself was once a screaming infant.

The second day's performances were equally successful. The appearance of JENNY and the Maestro was hailed with a flourish of trumpets and enthusiastic shouts from the audience. The following passages well describe

#### MUSIC-WORSHIP IN GERMANY.

Weber is now classed, in Germany, in the same rank as Mozart and Beethoven, and the overture to *Oberon* is considered there as one of his greatest works. The feeling with which the orchestra approached it can therefore easily be understood, and I believe never was it executed with greater precision or more powerful effect. Mendelssohn conducted as a kindred genius should do, and a noble offering to the shade of the great modern master was made. The *Ista Dies* of Cherubini followed, but neither Jenny Lind nor the two other sopranos warned to the subject, and it passed off without exciting more than common-place attention. Beethoven's symphony in C minor was then performed with all that diligent care and brilliancy of execution required by the sublime composition. Every amateur in Germany has been taught to worship Beethoven from his childhood, and indifference to his thoughts would be worse than sacrilege. Mendelssohn, one of the most enthusiastic adorers of that shrine, devoted several hours to the discipline of his willing pupils, and under his guidance the symphony was gone through without a single gem of the whole casket being left undisplayed. The ecstasy of Beethoven's worshippers among the audience—and what German is not a worshipper?—knew no bounds, and after the most religious silence was preserved from the first note to the last bar, a burst of terrific applause was given at the close, which shook the building to its centre. We must be present at these music meetings to understand the effect produced by the faultless execution of Beethoven on men who live only for him—and no one must suppose that what I write is over-

charged. \* \* \* \* \* A peasant of Navarre will swallow a gallon of his strong wine without being intoxicated; a Havannah planter will smoke forty cigars between breakfast and dinner, and recommence when coffee is introduced; a French coquette will not be fatigued after making twenty conquests at one ball; but none are so insatiable as a German amateur when classic music of his own country is performed. What is recreation to others is existence to him—it is the daily food, the air he breathes—and the pangs of death would have no terror, if accompanied by a requiem of Mozart. For six months, I am told, have these 600 voices and instruments been practising for this ordeal; for the last week, from five in the morning till midnight, has rehearsal or performance been going on; and already another rendezvous is made for the 15th of this month at Cologne, where 2,000, not one less—2,000 voices are to sing together. And these people are solemn and serious; they seldom smile, and they never laugh; they even rarely exhibit the outward signs of the blissful emotions they inwardly enjoy; and they are rather scandalized at the individual testimonies of delight given by foreigners. They will applaud together till the welkin rings; but in that *ensemble* harmony and combination are preserved, and I have no doubt the parts of a great cheer are regularly distributed, and that a scientific ear can detect tenor, counter-tenor, and bass, in each roar of satisfaction. I now understand what singing for the multitude really means. The Paris Grand Opera will, I hope, take the hint, and instruct its *claque*, at present so great a bore, to applaud on scientific principles.

**BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.**—We willingly give circulation to the following valedictory address of the committee, the members of which have achieved so much for art by their fine enthusiasm and judicious management:—

“At the termination of this season it is the intention of the managers of these meetings to take leave, in that character, of their indulgent friends. Having determined on an appeal to the judgment of the amateurs and professors of London in favour of the quartett, as a medium of musical effect, and on the trial whether the best works in that kind, rendered by the best artists, could not be made popular on their own merits and without any other species of attraction, the managers were compelled in some degree to take upon themselves the risk and responsibility of that experiment. Professors could not be expected to engage in that which they pronounced, almost unanimously, to be a hopeless attempt; and there was no alternative, therefore, but to proceed with the best means accessible, or to abandon the hope of rescuing from obscurity some of the most perfect productions of human genius in musical art. Two seasons, however, having now passed over, and the suffrages of the musicians of the highest class having been given in favour of the success of the experiment, the managers have felt it to be incumbent on them to withdraw, and to leave to the members of the profession the legitimate right they possess of presiding over and regulating the musical entertainments of the public. In the future seasons of the Beethoven Quartett Society, the meetings will be under the management of Mr. Scipion Rousselot, who has entitled himself to this distinction by the intimate knowledge he possesses of all the quartetts of Beethoven, and the masterly manner in which he has conducted the rehearsals. The managers will give him all the support in their power, on the understanding that the principle of the two first seasons is to be strictly maintained; and the members may be assured, if they also will transfer their support to Mr. Rousselot, that they will find in future all that they have been accustomed to approve of, if changed at all, in a greater degree of perfection.”

We are glad to learn that it is in contemplation to present Mr. Alsager, the founder of the society, with a testimonial for his indefatigable exertions in the establishment of such perfect performances of Beethoven's quartetts. A graceful compliment has also been paid to the members by an invitation from Sivori, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot, to attend on Monday afternoon in Harley-street, to hear Beethoven's posthumous quartett in B flat executed in its full integrity, that is, with the grand fugue, forming the 17th quartett in Rousselot's new edition, as its concluding movement.

**MUSIC IN GERMANY.**—LIEGE, JUNE 5.—Jenny Lind left Cologne on Wednesday last for Hanover; she is to return to

Cologne on the 14th, to sing at the grand musical festival to be held there on the 14th and 15th. She then, it is said, proceeds to Frankfort to fulfil an engagement for ten nights, which she has been induced to accept by the extraordinary liberality of the direction of that theatre. The Cologne affair will be a monster concert, as no less than two thousand vocal performers will sing together. Mendelssohn is to direct, and the festival is to be held in one of the old classic halls, which can contain six thousand persons. Liege is to give, on the 11th and succeeding days for a fortnight, a religious feast or jubilee in honour of St. Julienne. Fifteen Bishops have already arrived to arrange the proceedings and the several processions. Mendelssohn is to direct the music on the first two days. All the hotels and lodging-houses in Liege are engaged, and no less than 50*l.* is paid for a place at a window in any of the streets through which the procession is to pass.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.**—Mr. WEBSTER, in the enthusiasm of his managerial energy, has undertaken a task which on the face of it would appear to be a contradiction in terms,—the representation of an opera without singers, or at least with only one singer; yet, strange to say, the experiment would really appear likely to be in no inconsiderable degree successful. The *Domino Noir*, as produced here on Wednesday, is not the tragedy of *Hamlet* with the character of *Hamlet* omitted, but the tragedy of *Hamlet* with all the other characters except *Hamlet* omitted. M. VALBREQUE used to say, that all the company necessary for the opera was his wife, Madame CATALANI, *et trois ou quatre troupes*. Mr. WEBSTER entertains the same notion about Madame THILLON, and really, as we have just said, we are by no means sure that his judgment will turn out to have been so wholly erroneous and absurd as might appear at first glance. At all events, Mr. WEBSTER in his opera-no-company cannot possibly do worse than Mr. BUNN and his grand dramatic and balletic company, which, with CARLOTTA GRISI and all, has actually been performing to houses of 30*l.* and 40*l.* The *Domino Noir* is too well known to our readers to require any statement of its plot on the present occasion. Madame THILLON as little needs an account at our hands of her very eminent professional abilities, which are developed to infinitely more advantage at the Haymarket than they have ever been, either at Drury-lane, the size of which is far too vast for her compass of voice, or at the Princess's, which is rather too small. She went through her performance with all her accustomed ability, taking, as far as we could judge, in the best possible spirit the somewhat ludicrous situation in which she was placed. We have no other singer to notice. Miss P. HORTON is an actress whose great and unassuming merits we fully estimate, and among those merits we concede that she sings a song with some spirit and feeling, but operatic she is not, nor is Mr. HUDSON, though he, too, sings a song tolerably well; nor is Mr. CAULFIELD, though his voice is not a bad one. However, the affair went off very well, and we should not at all be surprised at Madame THILLON's bringing money to the Haymarket exchequer; a result which Mr. WEBSTER is well entitled to expect at the hands of the public.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mademoiselle DEJAZET made her first appearance here this season, on Friday last; she looks scarcely a day older than when we saw her two years ago, and her vivacity appears to have suffered as little change as her age. Mademoiselle's DEJAZET's style of acting is so well known that it is needless for us to enter into any criticism of it here, and in truth we are by no means displeased at the exemption, for it is a style of art, which, at once appreciable by the spectator, is very difficult to describe in itself, and we have actresses on our own stage, a reference to whom will explain the matter. Mademoiselle DEJAZET's acting is entirely *sui generis*, we have nothing like it on our own stage, nor are we aware of any French artist whose manner exactly resembles hers; the best thing we can advise our readers to do is to go and judge of the matter for themselves, and the more so, that after her present engagement, which terminates in two or three weeks, Mademoiselle DEJAZET will never again cross the Channel. The pieces in which she has appeared are *Vert Vert*, and *Les Premiers Ans de Richelieu*, two of the most agreeable comedies in the French language, and which seem to have been written with an express eye to DAJAZET herself, so life-like is her impersonation of the principal character in each. Among the novelties which will be produced during her brief stay, there is one which excites especial interest, the comedy of *Gentil Bernard*, which has had an immense run in Paris; it will not have a similar run here, for the simple reason, among others, that Mademoiselle DEJAZET's engagement, as we have said, is necessarily very brief, and that,

even were it longer, the approaching close of the season at this theatre would preclude any very extensive series of representation.

**ADELPHI.**—On Monday evening a remarkably melo-dramatic affair was brought out here. It is founded on the ballet of *Catarina*. Madame CELESTE, whom we are to imagine, if we can, a captivating young creature of eighteen, is *Olimpia Cigniano*, the Queen of the Abbruzzi, and is, if possible, as melo-dramatic as her corresponding performer, among actors, Mr. O. SMITH. We will leave our readers to suppose the bursts of heroism, flashes of rage, virtuous indignation, steel, and pistols, which must attend the performance of Mr. O. SMITH as a lieutenant of banditti, and Madame CELESTE as his captain, and that, too, in a piece which reminds us of the Surrey in its palmy days. We have here the whole routine of some heart-rending drama of those boards; a "terrific combat," a conquest, two, indeed, for the soldiers make a conquest of many of the banditti, and the fair *Olimpia* makes a conquest of *Salvator Rosa*. After the various other orthodox concomitants of a melo-drama, it naturally ends with a funeral procession and promised execution, which of course is nipped in the bud at the usual time, by the usual personage, to wit, *Salvator Rosa*, the lover of the condemned *Olimpia*. We really can dwell no longer on such nonsense, suffice it that the only redeeming points are some pretty scenery and some tolerable dancing.

**SURREY.**—We feel quite ashamed whenever we look at the bill of this theatre, for its ample page reminds us that there is a new piece here which we have not noticed. We have entered a vow in our diary which will save us from the aforesaid mantling blush after the present week.

**MONKEYS AND DOGS.**—A troop of these animals has been imported from France by Monsieur PHILIPPE, as a fresh attraction to the Strand Theatre. They have been trained to perform certain antics which present a close imitation of the actions of the higher animals, who are induced to see them perform. A *partie carrée* of monkeys are seated at a table, and go through all the formalities of dining, being waited on by a facetious cook, whose business it appears to be to taste of every dish, and out of every bottle, before he serves it. This sort of performance was exhibited some years since at the St. James's Theatre. The dogs dance, play with a skipping rope, and help to perform an episode, called *Shooting a Deserter*. Though not of an elevating character, this exhibition is an amusing illustration of brute intelligence on the one hand, but it, on the other, shews what is not so pleasing—the force of excessive discipline.

**VAUXHALL GARDENS** were the scene of much amusement on Tuesday night, the occasion on which her Majesty's birthday was celebrated. A grand gala was held in these grounds, and an overflowing company, with their cheers and laughter, shewed how they estimated the gorgeous spectacles provided. Music, horsemanship, dancing, fireworks, all, in rotation, were witnessed and approved. The vast improvements for the season were estimated at their worth. Vauxhall Gardens are again what they should always have continued—a cheap place for the indulgence of intellectual merriment and recreative exercise. May the spirited proprietor not have cause to lament his liberality and enterprise. Pay his place a visit. It is now no shade of a departed beauty, but the verification of grandeur itself.

**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S VISIT TO MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA ROYAL, LEICESTER-SQUARE.**—On the occasion of his Grace's viewing the *Battle of Sobron* on Saturday last, it was observed by those who were fortunate enough to be present, that his Grace took deep interest in the picture before him, his countenance appearing to be lighted up with enthusiasm. So remarkable indeed was this, that a gentleman who happened to be near his Grace, has suggested that the following beautiful lines, by Sir W. SCOTT, and spoken by JOHN KEMBLE, on his retirement from the Edinburgh stage, would, with a trifling alteration in the latter lines, which he has made, be applicable to his Grace's feelings, and we give them as appropriate to the subject:—

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound  
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground,  
Disdains the ease his generous Lord assigns,  
And longs to rush on the embattled lines;  
So I, this glorious action now in view,  
Can scarce sustain to bid the field adieu,  
To think my warlike deeds already past,  
Though Waterloo itself has been the last.

The original lines are

So I, your plaudits ringing in mine ear,  
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near,  
To think my scenic hour already past,  
And that those valued plaudits are my last.

#### PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

**BRITISH MUSEUM**, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**NATIONAL GALLERY**, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**THEATRES.**—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

**PANORAMA**, Leicester-square. Every day.

**DIORAMA**, Regent's-park. Every day.

**COSMOGRAMA**, Regent-street. Every day.

**THE TOWER**. Daily, from 10 to 4.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK**, Baker-street.

**CHINESE EXHIBITION**, Hyde-park-corner.

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION**, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

**ADELAIDE GALLERY**, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

**THE COLOSSEUM**, Regent's-park. Day and night.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

**SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, Kennington. Daily.

**MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS** now open are—M. Philippe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Permit me to correct an error contained in the last number of your Journal. It is there asserted, that a passage or passages, extending to nearly two pages of my preface, and so interwoven therein as to appear the author's own ideas and language, have been taken from a review in *THE CRITIC* of Mr. MACCALL's lecture "On the Evils of Protracted Hours of Labour." I can only assure your reviewer that I have not seen the particular number of *THE CRITIC* alluded to, nor have I as yet had the pleasure of reading Mr. MACCALL's admirable lecture. I heard that lecture delivered in Exeter, and being exceedingly struck by the eloquence, deep research, pathos, and startling energy of the speaker, I took notes at the time, and in a letter of some length to the *Western Times*, Exeter newspaper, as soon as I became aware of the fact of its publication, explained the source from whence I had obtained the very short but certainly striking paragraph alluded to. I unhesitatingly deny having extracted any one line or page of my poem or its preface from any printed source whatever; but its language, scenery, incidents, and imagery, certainly are intentionally taken from men, nature, and natural objects around me. This is the source from whence I have drawn ideas, and such is the spring, the fountain-head from which all true poetical inspiration and thoughts flow. I am too old a collegian, though a very young author, not to be keenly alive to the excellency of a lecture; and my commonplace-book of short-hand notes might prove me not to be an inattentive observer of that which is worthy of observation; but I must utterly repudiate any charge of plagiarism, which I feel confident was an unintentional one, and one which your usual candour and veracity will permit me to place in its right light by the insertion of this hurried letter. I have nothing whatever to comment upon respecting your critical remarks on myself as an author, or my poem as a work of art, more than this, that they are characterised by the usual tone of upright and impartial candour which appears to me to raise *THE CRITIC* far above the herd of the common reviews and ephemeral publications of this overgrown literary age.

STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L.

Springfield House, Devon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—As a subscriber to your Journal, almost from its commencement, I am not unreasonable, perhaps, in expecting that you would favour me with a few lines, in your capacity of critic, to explain the meaning of a passage in the "New Timon," which has puzzled many besides myself. I have just read a very long, severe, and, I think, very just criticism on this new poem in the *Times* of Friday, the 5th instant, and, singular enough, the very passage I allude to is quoted by the *Times* critic, but no solution of the difficulty is attempted. The words are, speaking of the hero,



A soul in social elements, misplaced,  
Bruised by the grate, and yearning for the waste.

The social elements of the grate may, perhaps, refer to the shovel, poker, and tongs, which, in general, are associated with the grate, and one or other of these elements or utensils may have bruised Morvale's toe or the sole of his foot; but the social or attendant elements of waste can only be the ashes or smoke of the fire, and why he should yearn for them, or whatever else the waste may be, I take the liberty of asking you to explain.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Edinburgh, June 6, 1846.

A SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. There is a false quantity of Cybele in one of the lines of the "New Timon;" but I have been informed that the author has the authority of Lord Byron for making the *e* long. Two blacks do not make a white. The Roman poets, when the measure of their verse required a long *e*, wrote *Cybèle*, and the *Cybèle* of Lord Byron may be a misprint of *Cybebe*. The author of the "New Timon," who is a close imitator of the Byronic muse, and perhaps no classical scholar, has copied the typographical error. I consider that his pretending to have resided in India is only to throw dust in the eye of the public, when attempting to identify him. The learned Sanscrit terms, which he speaks of as being familiar to all who, like him, have visited that quarter of the globe, are much better known to scholars at home, who know Sanscrit literature from learned works on Oriental subjects.

[The meaning of the passage our correspondent cites we are unable, as he is, to divine. It is not, however, the only obscurity in the poem. No classical writer would make the *e* long in *Cybele*; in the case of Byron, it must have been a misprint for *Cybebe*, which escaped him in correcting his proofs.—ED. CRITIC.]

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

### THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

*From the German of Uhland.*

A goldsmith stood within his stall

With pearls and gems around,

"My gems are precious one and all,

Yet art thou, my Helena,

The best I ever found."

A gallant knight came blithely in,

"Good morrow, maiden fair,

And you, my goldsmith there within,

Make me a costly crownlet

To deck my sweet bride's hair."

The crown was made, the work was good,

A fair one's eyes to charm;

But Helen hung in pensive mood,

As if she were alone there,

The trinket on her arm.

"Ah! happy is the bride to bear

The goldsmith's glittering toy!

Ah! would the knight give me to wear

A crownlet but of roses.

How full were I of joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,

Beheld the crownlet so,

"Now make me, goldsmith, best of men,

A ring, with diamonds set,

My bride's white hand to shew."

The ring was made, the work was good,

And bright the diamonds shone,

But Helena drew 't in pensive mood,

As if she were alone there,

Her finger half way on.

"Ah! happy is the bride to bear

This other glittering toy,

Ah! would the knight give me to wear

But of his hair a ringlet,

How full were I of joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,

Beheld the ring e'en so,

"Thou'st made me, goldsmith, best of men,

Most rich the shining trinkets,

Which to my bride must go."

"Yet would I prove them how they sit;

So prithee, maiden, here,

On thee for trial let me fit,

For thou art fair as she is,

My sweet bride's wedding-gear."

With cheek all glowing rosy red,

Before the knight she stands;

He sets the crownlet on her head,

The ring upon her finger,

He sets and clasps her hands.

"Helena sweet, Helena true,

I've ended now the jest,

And my sweet bride is none but you,

By whom I meant the crownlet

And ring to be possessed."

Mid gold and pearl, and precious stone,

Thy father cherished thee;

And this to thee might well make known

That thou to highest honours

Should'st enter, sweet, with me.

G. C. SWAYNE.

## NECROLOGY.

### CRESCENTINI.

Crescentini is gone; the composer of "Ombra Adorata," known in Napoleon's time as the singer decorated with the Iron Crown, and by many a student since, as a writer of some, the best, though severest, vocal exercises which exist. He died at Naples, his age unknown: since he was of those who every year subtract a figure from their calendar, and perish, therefore, in the prime of their vanity.

## JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

### CHANCES OF ACCIDENT ON RAILWAYS.

Among the matters connected with railway travelling, the chances of accident naturally arrest attention. The number who are injured, compared with the number who travel, is exceedingly small; but it will be seen, from the details subjoined, that it varies widely from year to year, and that to reduce it to a minimum, constant vigilance and strict rules rigidly enforced, are indispensable. In the report, the accidents are divided into four classes:—

#### 1844.—CLASS FIRST.

Accidents attended with personal injury or danger to the public arising from causes beyond the control of passengers

Persons killed .. .. . 10

Persons injured .. .. . 74

Of the persons killed, 4 were railway servants, enginemen, or stokers, and 6 were passengers. Of the persons injured, 10 were railway servants, and 64 were passengers. The 33 accidents include many which were not attended with injury to any person, such as axes breaking, engines running off the rails for a short distance, slight collisions with trucks left on the line, &c. By one accident on the London and Croydon Railway, 20 passengers and 3 railway servants were injured. Nobody was killed. It arose from a train in which the red light it should have carried had gone out, being run into by another train.

#### CLASS SECOND.

Accidents attended with personal injury to passengers, owing to their negligence or misconduct .. .. . 16

Persons killed .. .. . 7

Persons injured .. .. . 9

It may serve as a useful caution to railway travellers to state the accidents which caused the seven deaths. Those which produced injuries were nearly of the same description.

Imprudently putting his leg out at the door, it was caught between the platform and carriages, and so much injured as to cause death.

Attempting to sit on the back of a third-class carriage, overbalanced himself, and fell between the carriages.

Jumped out of a carriage after his hat while the train was in motion.

Attempting to enter a second-class carriage while in motion.

Attempting to leave the train before it had properly stopped, fell, and was run over.

Jumped out before the train had stopped, and run over. Intoxicated.

Fell from a third-class carriage, and run over.

#### CLASS THIRD.

Accidents attended with personal injury to railway servants under circumstances not involving danger to the public .. 59

Persons killed .. .. . 33

Persons injured .. .. . 28

## CLASS FOURTH.

Accidents attended with injury to persons other than servants of the railway companies, under circumstances not involving danger to passengers .. .. 49  
Persons killed .. .. 34  
Persons injured .. .. 17

These were trespassers, drunken persons, children, labourers imprudently crossing the lines when a train was approaching, and the like.

## PASSENGERS KILLED AND INJURED IN 1844.

	Killed.	Injured.
From causes over which they had no control ..	6	64
From their own imprudence .. ..	7	9
Total ..	13	73
Railway Servants .. ..	37	38
Other persons, chiefly trespassers .. ..	34	17
Total, passengers, servants, and others, in 1844 ..	84	128

## 1845.—CLASS FIRST (DEFINED AS ABOVE).

Number of accidents .. ..	44
Persons killed .. ..	10
Persons injured .. ..	101

Of the 10 persons killed, 4 were passengers.

## CLASS SECOND.

Number of accidents .. ..	19
Persons killed .. ..	9
Persons injured .. ..	10

All these were passengers killed or injured owing to their own misconduct.

## CLASS THIRD.

Number of accidents .. ..	56
Persons killed .. ..	36
Persons injured .. ..	24

All servants of the railway companies.

## CLASS FOURTH.

Number of accidents .. ..	54
Persons killed .. ..	45
Persons injured .. ..	9

Chiefly trespassers.

## PASSENGERS KILLED AND INJURED IN 1845

	Killed.	Injured.
From causes over which they had no control ..	4	82
From their own imprudence .. ..	9	10
Railway servants .. ..	13	92
Trespassers and others .. ..	42	43
	45	9
	110	144

It is astonishing that the number of fatal accidents befalling persons who trespass on railways, or loiter about them, or somehow expose themselves foolishly and causelessly on them, should be three or four times greater than all that happen to the millions of passengers who travel upon them.

What chiefly concerns the public is the chances of accident to persons who find it necessary to travel by railway, and who exercise common prudence while on their journey. It will be seen, from the subjoined table, that the danger which such persons run is extremely small. It is copied from the railway report, but differently arranged.

"Statement of the number of accidents attended with personal injury or danger to the public, arising from causes beyond the control of the passengers."

	Number of Accid.	Killed.	Injured not fatally.	Total Number of Passengers.
5 last months of 1840	28	22	131	6,029,666
Year 1841	29	24	72	20,449,754
— 1842	10	5	14	21,358,445
— 1843	5	3	3	25,372,525
— 1844	34	10	74	30,363,052
6 first months of 1845	15	2	30	16,720,550

The proportion which the number of passengers thus killed or injured from causes beyond their own control, bore to the whole number of passengers, was as follows:—

	Number of Passengers killed or injured.	Proportion of these to the whole number of Passengers.
5 last months of 1840	153	1 in 39,410
Year 1841	96	1 in 213,018
— 1842	19	1 in 1,224,128
— 1843	6	1 in 4,262,087
— 1844	84	1 in 356,702
6 first months of 1845	32	1 in 522,517

This table shews (taking it in round numbers), that of every 40,000 persons who travelled by railway in 1840, one was killed or injured. Many will yet remember the alarm caused by the excessive frequency and frightful character of the accidents then occurring weekly. But after a high penalty had been paid in instantaneous deaths and maimed limbs, for the lax system of management then followed, self-interest awakened the railway directors to a sense of their duty. Greater attention and better regulations were introduced, and the number of accidents rapidly diminished. From 1 in 39,000 in 1840, it had diminished in 1841 to 1 in 213,000; that is, it was five times less. In 1842 it had diminished to 1 in 1,224,000, or thirty times less than in 1840. In 1843 it had diminished to 1 in 4,262,000, or 100 times less than in 1840. The remarkable security of railway travelling in 1843 could not be produced by a miracle. Who can doubt that if the same vigilance had continued to be exerted, the loss of life and limb would have been maintained on the same small scale afterwards? So far from this, however, it was twelve times greater in 1844; and in the following half-year it was still eight times greater than in 1843. In this, as in many other practical matters, there is a rebound from one course of conduct to another directly opposite. Extreme remissness multiplies accidents. Numerous accidents produce alarm. Alarm leads to increased vigilance; and this, in its turn, renders accidents rare, and induces false security, which again gradually brings back rashness and negligence.

We are disappointed to find that the commissioners have not attempted to give any rational explanation of this enormous difference in the security of railway travelling. Keeping records of every accident which happens, having access to the working regulations of every company, and being enabled to put any queries to delinquent parties, it surely was within their power to point out how the loss of life and limb happened to be so much greater in one year than another. Something of the kind was evidently requisite to serve as a basis for improved regulations. Of what use are the commissioners if they do not attend to such matters? The proportion of violent deaths and injuries has been again advancing since 1843, and the report informs us that accidents arising from neglect of rules and hazardous speed were "more frequent in the last eight months of 1845 than at any former period."—*Scotsman*.

CAPTAIN POWELL'S INVENTION.—We were much gratified recently in inspecting models of the ingenious invention by which Captain Powell, of the Grenadier Guards, may be said to have solved the difficulties of the much-vexed question relative to the difference of the railway gauge. This invention, which, like most others of any practical utility, is as simple as it is ingenious, consists in the construction of trucks and railway carriages separate from the carriage beds, which are in length equal to the broad gauge and in breadth to the narrow gauge, and which, consequently, on being transferred from the one gauge to the other, and so placed lengthways instead of breadthways, or *vice versa*, are found as equally adapted to either as if they had been specially constructed for one only. The details and method of working this invention will be probably more intelligible to our readers from a simple description of it, as understood from the models, by an unscientific person, than from a more elaborate and technical description. It consists, first, of waggons or trucks on wheels for carriages, of the proportions above mentioned, to be used on common roads, and by which the goods or luggage may be transferred in the usual manner from a warehouse or other place, however distant, to the railway station. Being there drawn up to the line of rails, the carriages are made to slide from the road trucks to the trucks or bodies of the railway carriages, each truck on the broad gauge carrying three, and each truck on the narrow gauge carrying two sectional carriages. In the frames of the trucks are pieces of timber solidly secured to the framework, and affixed to these are other pieces, which, by means of hinges, are allowed to fall back upon the buffers, and allow the carriages to slide off to trucks on another gauge, or to the common road truck which is to carry the goods to their destination. On the floor of these trucks are guide rails and sunken grooves, made to fit corresponding rails and grooves in the carriages so as to prevent lateral motion, and also the possibility of the carriages being thrown off the trucks even if the latter should be inverted. The transfer from one truck to another is effected by means of rollers in the sunken grooves, and where it is found necessary, on account of the weight of the carriages, by ropes or pulleys on the floor of the trucks, which revolve round cylinders fixed to the underside of the framework, and turned by winch handles. There are also suitable contrivances for

preventing the friction wheels from rolling off the groove rails, and for bringing the framework of the trucks closer or wider apart, so as to adjust the respective heights of the carriages. The bodies of passenger carriages may be transferred from one gauge to another, or to the common road truck, in the same manner, and all the carriages when on the trucks will be locked together by chains or hooks, as an additional security against oscillation. We are informed that drawings of the invention may be seen at the office of the patentee's agents, Messrs. Barlow and Le Capelain, Chancery-lane. The advantages to be derived from any plan by which the difficulties of the break of gauge can be obviated have been too much discussed of late to require further illustration, but it will be seen that Captain Powell's invention not only obviates these difficulties, but also that which occurs in transferring passengers or luggage from one railway to another, or to or from the stations. By the employment of these "sectional transferable railway carriages," a merchant at any part of the United Kingdom may, as Captain Powell states in his pamphlet, "pack his goods at his own warehouse, and send them to the railway station (of either gauge), from whence they may proceed, and on the journey be transferred, if necessary, from one gauge to another, and to the common road, and be conveyed to the merchant's correspondent, without being once unpacked or in the least disturbed, since they left the stores from which they were originally sent." The great utility of these carriages in conveying the ammunition and baggage of troops must be also manifest; and the invention has this additional advantage, which has not yet been noticed, that it would altogether obviate the necessity for a central terminus. We cannot conclude without expressing an earnest hope that the Government, and also the railway companies, will take this invention into their serious consideration; and if, upon examination, it be found, as we believe it will, to ensure nearly all the advantages to be derived from uniformity of gauge, that they will extend the benefit of it to the public at the earliest period possible.—*Herald*.

**TO MAKE WATER COLD FOR SUMMER.**—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice:—Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India, and other tropical regions, where ice cannot be procured, this is common.—*Globe*.

**WEATHER PREDICTIONS.**—In the *Annuaire* for the present year, presented to the King of the French by the Bureau of Longitudes, M. Arago takes occasion, once for all, to dispose of those weather-predictions which annually make the circuit of Europe falsely stamped with his authority. "Engaged," he says, "both by taste and by duty, in meteorological studies, I have frequently been led to consider whether it will ever be possible, by means of astronomical calculations, to determine, a year in advance, what, in any given place, will be the annual temperature, that of each month, the quantity of rain, or the prevailing winds. I have already presented to the readers of the *Annuaire* the results of the inquiries of the natural philosophers and astronomers concerning the influence of the moon and comets on the changes of the weather. These results demonstrate peremptorily that the lunar and cometary influences are scarcely sensible; and therefore that weather-prophecy can never be a branch of astronomy properly so called. For, in fact, our satellite and the comets have been at all times considered in meteorology as the preponderating stars. Since those former publications, I have examined the subject in another point of view. I have been inquiring if the labours of men, and events which must always escape our prevision, may not have the effect of accidentally and very sensibly modifying climate—as regards temperature in particular. Already, I see that facts will yield me an affirmative answer. I should greatly have preferred to delay the announcement of that result until after the completion of my work; but let me candidly avow that I have sought to make an occasion for protesting aloud against those predictions which are yearly laid in my name, at home and abroad. No word has ever issued from my mouth, either in the intimacy of private communication or in my courses delivered during thirty years—no line has ever been published with my assent—which could authorize the attribution to me of any opinion that it is possible, in

the present state of our knowledge, to foretell with certainty what the weather will be, a year, a month, a week—nay, I will say, a single day, in advance. I trust only that the annoyance which I have experienced at seeing a host of ridiculous predictions published in my name may not have led me, by a sort of reaction, to give exaggerated importance to the causes of disturbance which I have enumerated. At present, I feel entitled to deduce from the sum of my investigations this capital consequence:—Never—whatever may be the progress of the sciences—will the savant, who is conscientious and careful of his reputation, speculate on a prediction of the weather."

**DIAMOND DUST.**—We have received a box containing a quantity of brown powder, into which we peeped very suspiciously, doubting if it were a medicine which some quack desired that we should try and report upon, from personal experience. But further examination shewed that our fears were groundless. A paper in which it was wrapped informed us that the questionable powder was in fact diamond dust from the new mines, and its use was to give an edge to razors by strewing it over the strop. It is not our misfortune to have a bristly beard, but we lost no time in trying the experiment. The virtues of the precious dust were not exaggerated; half a dozen strokes upon the strop, powdered with a pinch of it, produced such an edge upon the razor, that the process of reaping the refractory beard was as smooth and easy as we remember it to have been the first time we passed a razor over the chin, some six months before there was the slightest necessity for the operation.

#### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

111. **NEPHEWS AND NIECES, OF CHILDREN** of nephews and nieces, of JOHN WALTON, living on 30th July, 1831, or their Devises, Heirs-at-law, or Personal Representatives. The said JOHN WALTON resided in the Strand, London, where he practised as an apothecary for many years, and died there in the early part of the year 1794. He was about 76 years of age, and a widower at the time of his decease, and left two children, THOMAS WALTON and ANN FOX WALTON, both since deceased.
112. **THE PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE** of WILLIAM MILLS, formerly of North-street, Lock's Fields, Walworth, painter. *Something to his advantage.*
113. **ANY DEED OR BOND** with the signature of RICHARD JOHN HUGHES STARKE, of Laugharne Castle, Carmarthenshire, up to June 1836.
114. **ELIZABETH JEZEPH**, spinster, who resided in 1830 at No. 6, Shouldham-court, Crawford-street, Marylebone, and niece of ANN JEZEPH, formerly servant to Mrs. Barnsley, of Featherstone-street, City-road, but late of Frederick-street, in the parish of St. Pancras, spinster, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
115. **NEXT OF KIN OR HEIR-AT-LAW** of JAMES BASSNETT, late of Rainford, in the county of Lancaster (died, May 1832), living at the time of the testator's death in May, 1832, or their Representatives.
116. **NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN SMITH**, who formerly resided with his aunt, Mrs. Catherine Marchant, late of Astwick Hall, near Buntingford, Herts; afterwards entered the army, and died in the year 1811. Or any person claiming a bequest under the will of JOHN BLEASDALE, formerly of Buntingford aforesaid, grocer.
117. **NEXT OF KIN OF AURELIA ROGERS**, late of Penzance, Cornwall, spinster (died January 1833), or their Representatives.
118. **THE CHILDREN, or their Representatives, of JOHN WELLS**, late of the city of Worcester, hair-weaver, legatee of WILLIAM HASLEWOOD, who resided at Bridgnorth, Salop, gentleman, who died October 1822, having bequeathed by his will 200*l.* to JOHN WELLS, late of the City of Worcester, hair-weaver, who afterwards lived in Portpool-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, and died there in June 1817.



119. NEXT OF KIN OF SOPHIA FALLS (formerly of SOPHIA ORONE, spinster), of Clifton, Gloucestershire (died, Sept. 1834), or their Representatives.
120. RICHARD JAMES, or his HEIRS, owner of 2,000 acres of land, survey No. 270, on Deer-creek, twenty miles from Chillicothe, State of Ohio, United States, patented to him in 1796.
121. RELATIONS, or NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN MANKIN, late of No. 13, Diamond-row, Stepney-green, Middlesex, mariner. *Something to their advantage.*
122. Mrs. SARAH WOODFORD, formerly of Adam-street, Edgeware-road, widow. *Something to her advantage.*
123. GRAND NEPHEWS or GRAND NIECES OF JOSEPH SHERRARD, late of Lower-street, Deal, Kent, purser in the royal navy (died 14th April 1835), and by his will, dated Feb. 28, 1835, gave all his residuary estate among his nephews and nieces not named or otherwise provided for in his said will.
124. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN KENTISH, late of Paddington-st. Marylebone, Middlesex, victualler (died 9th July, 1822), or their Representatives.
125. CREDITORS OF WILLIAM HOLT, Threadneedle-street, solicitor. *Something to advantage.*
126. ROBERT WATSON WADE, WILLIAM GREAVES and his wife, MARY ANN WILLIAMS, MARY BEAR, and MARY SOPHIA BOYS, (formerly RESTON) legacies of MARY PORTIS, late of Manchester-street, Brighton, spinster (died April 1835.)
127. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN PARSONS COOK, late of Crown-Court, Cheapside, City of London, warehouseman (died August 1831).
128. Mrs. MARY DALMAHOY, formerly residing at Portobello, near Edinburgh, and afterwards at 40, Grafton-street East, Carmarthen-square, London, or her daughter, Mrs. MARY BARBER.
129. CHILDREN OF Mrs. ESTHER HILL, formerly of Brayfield, who resided at Clapton, Surrey, about the year 1772, OR THEIR DESCENDANTS.
130. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES DOUGLAS, late of Devonport, mariner (died 2nd Dec. 1835), on board the brig or vessel called the *Theresa*, of Prince Edward's Island, Moon, master, at Newport, county of Monmouth, and who was, at the time of his death, a mariner on board of the said brig. *Something to their advantage.*

## BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

## NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A stamped copy of THE CRITIC sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY SOIREE.—Lady Morgan's party on the 3rd inst. was attended by most of the distinguished literary characters now in town; among the company were the celebrated Countess Hahn-Hahn, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Sir William Molesworth, M.P., Mr. Sheil, M.P., Mr. Wyse, M.P., Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. Babbage, Mr. McGregor (Board of Trade), Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Millman, Mr. Moore, Mr. Elliott Warburton, Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Hayward, Q.C., Hon. Charles Villiers, M.P., Hon. J. Fortescue, M.P., Right Hon. Henry Ellis, Marquises of Lansdowne and Normanby; Lords Morpeth, Nugent, and Glenelg; Dwarkanath Tagore, Nogensie Tagore, Moonshe Bureen, Sir Percy Shelley, bart., Sir John Easthope, M.P., the O'Connor Don, M.P., Mr. Gibson, M.P., Mr. Westmacott, Mr. Robert Gordon, Signor Marriotti, Sir Henry Winston Baron, M.P., Sir A. Duff Gordon, bart., Mr. Frank Courtenay, &c. Among the distinguished artists who contributed to the pleasures of the evening were Signor Gabussi (the celebrated composer), Signor Emiliani, Signor Brizzi, &c.

We are able to state, on unquestionable authority, that a treaty for the international protection of copyright has just been signed, at Berlin, between Prussia and England, in which it is confidently expected that, before the ratification, Saxony will join. The consequence will be a reduction of the duty to 15s. per cwt. on at least half the German books imported into England.

THE PARKER SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society, instituted in 1840, for the publication of the works of the fathers and early writers of the Reformed English Church, was held at Freemasons' hall. Lord Ashley, the president of the society, occupied the chair. Mr. George Stokes read the fifth annual report. It stated that the delivery of books for the year had been completed; the amount received was 6,966*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* and the expenditure 6,852*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* leaving a balance of 113*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* to be carried to the next account. The volumes issued last year were five in number, containing the remaining portion of Bishop Latimer's works, Letters from the Archives of Zurich, select devotional Poetry of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a portion of the works of Bishop Jewel. Fourteen authors were at present in preparation, and various other standard books, which from their scarcity are beyond the reach of a large number of persons who would otherwise make themselves acquainted with their contents. The report having been adopted, a vote of thanks was passed to Lord Ashley, who, in acknowledgment, remarked that he had become possessed of two copies of all the works the Parker Society had published. One set he had reserved for himself, and the other he had presented to the library of the new Protestant College at Malta. His lordship was re-elected president, and a council for the ensuing year was appointed. The meeting then separated.

The Paris papers announce the death of M. Barba, one of the oldest booksellers in that capital. M. Barba was an actor in his youth; and for thirty years past he has been the Providence of dramatic authors, in his later character of a publisher.

The French papers also speak of the death of M. Gentil, a "man of letters" belonging to a past generation, formerly reader to King Charles the Tenth.

MR. PARRY.—An elegant piece of plate was presented to Mr. Parry, sen. by the governors of the Welsh School, on Thursday, the 4th instant, for the great services that gentleman had for forty-three years rendered to that excellent charity.

We learn that the lithographic printing-office of Winckelmann and Sons, which has obtained a far-spread celebrity for printing in colours, received very lately orders from England for the illustration of some important works—among others, a very considerable one on the Italian frescoes.

## REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From June 6 to June 13.

## NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- A Treatise on the Steam Engine, by the Artizan Club, edited by J. Bourne, C. E. 4to. 27*s.* cl.—Annual Register, or a View of the History and Politics of the Year 1845, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Accordion (The) Preceptor, with selection of Popular Airs, oblong, 1*s.* swd.
- Balme's (J. R.) Telegraph of the Gospel, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bell's (Alexander) The Tongue, a Poem, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Birk's (Rev. T. R.) Two Later Visions of Daniel (Christian's Family Library, Vol. 48), royal 18mo. 6*s.* cl.—Burder's (Dr. H. F.) Mental Discipline, 5th edit. with an Address on Pulpit Eloquence, by the Rev. J. Edwards, fep. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Burke (Edmund), Wisdom and Genius of, with Summary of his Life by P. Burke, Esq. post 8vo. reduced to 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.
- Check's (C. Esq.) Easy Guide to the Game of Chess, New Edition, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Colman's (H.) European Agriculture, Vol. 1, 8vo. 16*s.* cl.—Caswell's (Rev. E.) Sermons on the Seen and Unseen, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Christian (The) Lady's Magazine, by Charlotte Elizabeth, Vol. 25, fep. 8vo. 7*s.* cl.—Chitty's (J. jun.) Pleading, by H. Pearson, Esq. 2nd edit. Part I. 8vo. 20*s.* bds.
- Despatches of the British Generals during the Campaign on the Sutlej, with Authentic Copies of the Treaty of Peace from

- Official Sources, 8vo. 1s. swd.—Dibb's (J. E.) Guide to Registration of Wills and Deeds in Yorkshire, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Digby's (Kencelon H.) Broad Stone of Honour ("Tancredus"), 12mo. 8s. cl.
- Explanations, by the Author of "Vestiges of the Creation," 2nd edit. post 8vo. 5s. cl.
- Fairholt's (F. W., F.S.A.) Costume in England, a History of Dress, with 655 Illustrations, 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Foster's (John) Life and Correspondence, by J. E. Ryland, Esq. with Portrait, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Fresenius's (Dr. C.) Instruction in Chemical Analysis, edited by J. Lloyd Bullock, Part I. Qualitative, with Preface by Professor Liebig, 2nd edit. 9s. cl., Part II. Quantitative, 8vo. 14s. cl.
- Granville's (Dr. A. B.) Kissingen, its Sources and Resources, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Gedde's (Dr.) Clinical Illustrations of the Diseases of India, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Griffith (Dr. J. W.) on the Blood, Part II. fcap. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Guide to the Architectural Antiquities in the Neighbourhood of Oxford, with 380 woodcuts, 8vo. 24s. cl.
- Harrison's (Rev. Wm.) Sermons on the Commandments, new edit. revised and enlarged, fcap. 8vo. 4s. cl.—Horace, Anthon and M'Caul's, edited by G. B. Wheeler, A.B. 12mo. Vol. I. 6s. bd.; Vol. II. 7s. bd.; in 1 vol. 12s. bd.—Hughes' (Wm. Esq.) The Three Students of Gray's-inn, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.
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- Niven's (John) The Strathmore Melodist, fcap. 3s. cl.
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- Topham's (J., M.A.) Chemistry made Easy for the Use of Agriculturists, 3rd edit. sq. 16mo. 2s. swd.—Townshend's (W. C.) Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the Last and Present Centuries, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. cl.—Thompson's (W.) Recollections of Mexico, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
- Utting's (B.) Guide to Great Yarmouth, with 34 illustrations, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.
- Wise's (Dr.) Commentary on the Hindoo System of Medicine, 8vo. 12s. cl.

## BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Palmer's Letters to Wiseman on the Errors of Romanism. Rivingtons, 1842.

GLEANINGS,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

A RESCUE FROM OBLIVION.—The following inscription, which may be seen, upon a conspicuous tablet, outside the chancel wall, at the east end of the church of St. Leonard, Shore-ditch, has, at least, one merit—it conveys no fulsome adulation of the party whom it is intended to commemorate:—

"Twenty Three Feet  
East of this stone  
Lies interred the Body of  
Mr. Marshall Purland,  
who died 4 May, 1844,  
aged 66 years.  
He was many years  
One of the Trustees of the Poor,  
And also of the Four Rate Boards  
of this Parish.  
This Tablet is erected  
by a few of his brother trustees  
To rescue his memory  
From oblivion."

ECONOMICAL TRIP.—In a locality not more than fifty miles from Huddersfield there lived not long ago a couple of respectable individuals, apparently in the enjoyment of every comfort that commonly falls to the wedded lot of the working classes. The husband was kind, attentive, and domestic, but withal rather of a saving turn of mind. Some months ago the wife was attacked with a serious illness, which, to the grief of her family, terminated fatally. She had, however, one request to make of her loving husband, and that was, that she might be buried in the beautiful churchyard of W—, situated in one of our northern counties; at once he assented, and the poor creature died contented. On the same evening a man in his Sunday attire might have been seen wending his way to the door of the vicarage. "Please, Sir, I've come for a license." "License, John! you don't require a license to bury your poor wife." John was abashed for the moment. "How long, my good man, have you lived together as man and wife?" "Please, Sir, twenty-five years. But, Sir, I thought of marrying Jane —." "Marrying again, John, before you have buried your late wife!" "Why—yes—please, Sir—you'll understand that she requested to be buried at W—; and Jane and me thought it would be most convenient to all parties if we were to get married at once, and make the same trip do for both purposes."—*Leeds paper.*

Not the least startling exhibitions of American manners are those which occur in the local senates. The following is a very mild report of what appears to have been a very fierce scene in the Albany Legislative Chamber:—"During the most extraordinary debate yesterday (Feb. 22) in the house, Mr. Stevenson took occasion to call Mr. Bailey a political trickster, &c. and Mr. Stevenson proceeded to say, very ambiguously, that he hoped he should never do any thing to bring a blush of shame upon his daughter's cheek. Mr. Bailey replied by a terribly caustic allusion to the celebrated Glentworth fraud (which Stevenson exposed in 1840), and by a scathing comparison of Stevenson's conduct with that of Benedict Arnold. The rebuke was administered with all Mr. Bailey's characteristic sarcasm, for which he has become so distinguished that no member of the house will attack him single-handed in debate."

## To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATSOEVER.

B. B. B.—We are obliged by the translation from Kucken, which, though not without merit, is, nevertheless, unaided for our pages.

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**PARALYSIS.—To Invalids.—Galvanism has for a**

long time been resorted to as a powerful remedial agent, but, unfortunately, it has been applied by men totally ignorant of its principles. Can it, therefore, be wondered at that it has so frequently failed of producing any beneficial effects? My great improvements in the GALVANIC APPARATUS was a method to regulate its power to the greatest nicety, so that an infant may be galvanised without experiencing the least unpleasantness; but no sooner do I make it public that I have made this discovery, than a host of imitators spring up like mushrooms, and state that they are also in possession of the secret, and by all I hear, a very pretty mess they make of their regulating power. Now all the world knows how eminently successful I have been in cases of paralysis, particularly in recent cases; this success I attributed entirely to my superior method of regulating the power of the galvanic apparatus; for without a perfect regulating power it is utterly impossible to produce successful results. Scarcely a week passes but I have two or three patients who have either been galvanised by some pretender, or have been using that ridiculous apparatus called the electro-magnetic or electro-galvanic apparatus, and, as may be reasonably expected, without the slightest benefit. Many pretenders in the country having heard of my great success and my high standing as a medical galvanist in London, have made it public that they have received instructions from me, and are acting as my agents; and, not satisfied with this, I am informed that in Cheltenham there is a man selling galvanic apparatus, and representing them as being made under my direction. I shall, of course, endeavour to put a stop to this; in the meantime I now state that my galvanic apparatus can be procured from me only, as I employ no agents whatever. I will now endeavour to show how galvanism acts in cases of paralysis. Paralysis or palsy consists of three varieties—the hemiplegic, the paraplegic, and the local palsy. In the first, the patient is paralysed on one side only; in the second, the lower part of the body is affected on both sides; in the third kind, particular limbs are affected. The cause of the attack is a withdrawal of nervous influence from the nerves and muscles of the various parts. Now galvanism has been proved, by the most eminent physiologists, to be capable of supplying the nervous influence to those parts of the body which may be deficient of it, and hence the reason of its astonishing effect in cases of paralysis. In patients thus afflicted, I find that some parts of the spine are less sensitive than other parts; and, until those parts are aroused into action, the patient will not recover. Any medical man, who knows any thing whatever of galvanism, will be at once convinced how applicable galvanism must be for such complaints; for not only does it arouse the dormant nerves and muscles into action, but it supplies them with that fluid of which they are deficient—viz. the nervous fluid. I think it, however, but fair to state that, in cases of paralysis of long duration, I as frequently fail as succeed, whilst in recent cases I generally succeed. Still galvanism should be resorted to in every case of paralysis, no matter of how long duration it might have been, for it cannot possibly do any harm, and it may do good. I repeat, galvanism is a powerful remedy in cases of paralysis.—WILLIAM H. HALSE, 5, Pelham-crescent, Brompton, London.

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"Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) "ALDBOROUGH."

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